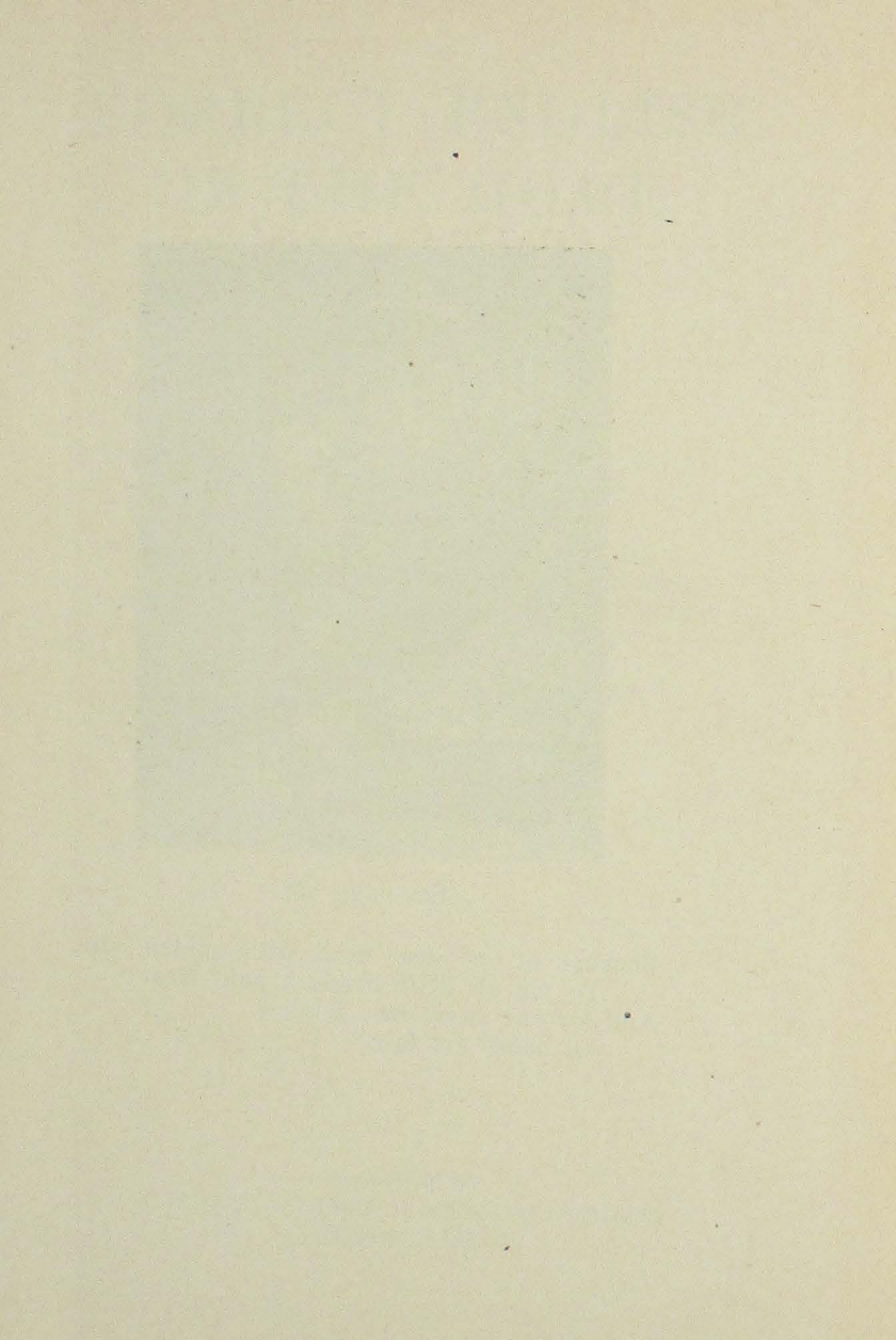


CORRECT ENGLISH
IN
THE HOME
BY
JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER

10





(See page 128)

Because of one dear head with golden hair,
To me all little heads a halo wear;
And for one sweet face I knew
All babes are fair."

CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE HOME

BY

JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER

AUTHOR OF

CORRECT ENGLISH: A COMPLETE GRAMMAR
TEN THOUSAND WORDS: HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM
THE ART OF CONVERSATION: TWELVE GOLDEN RULES
HOW CAN I INCREASE MY VOCABULARY:
TWELVE GOLDEN GUIDES
THE ART OF SOCIAL LETTER WRITING, ETC.
THE CORRECT ENGLISH DRILL BOOK
AND EDITOR OF THE MAGAZINE
CORRECT ENGLISH: HOW TO USE IT

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BY
JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER

TO MY CHILDREN THREE—
BEATRICE, ROSCHEN, AND THE “BOITIE,”
I AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATE
THIS LITTLE BOOK.

THE AUTHOR.



BEATRICE

FOREWORD.

When I was a little girl, like most children, I was very fond of listening to stories; but unlike most children, I did not care for fairy tales, my first question invariably being, "Is it a true story?" I don't want a "once upon a time" story.

This is a true story. The children, their names, the incidents narrated, are all true. Beatrice, Roschen, and the "Boitie," are my children; the other children mentioned are their little cousins, friends, and school-mates. The compositions were written in school by Beatrice and Roschen. They have been printed without revision. The illustrations are reproductions of the little Perry pictures given to the children, by the teacher, to paste in their books.

For those who like really true stories of really true people with really true names, this little book is written. That it may instruct and entertain all readers, both little and big, young and grown up, is the earnest wish of

Yours for Correct English,

JOSEPHINE TURCK BAKER.

CORRECT ENGLISH IN THE HOME

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Beatrice.—Goody! It's snowing! Then we'll have snow for Christmas.

Roschen.—It always snows on Christmas; because don't you know Santa Claus always comes in a sleigh?

Beatrice.—It don't always snow on Christmas. I mean it *doesn't* always snow, for don't you remember that time when Mama was a little girl, it didn't snow on Christmas? That's why she lost Grandpa's umbrella.

Roschen.—Yes; but she found it again.

Beatrice.—Well, she wouldn't have found it if she and Uncle Jimmie hadn't prayed.

Roschen.—I think that's a lovely story—of how they found the umbrella. And just think! it's a *true story*.

Beatrice.—I've almost forgotten it. Oh, yes! Mama said her mother was sick, and her father was away, and so they weren't going to have a tree; but when Christmas morning came, she and her little brother felt so sad because they didn't have a tree that they went off by them-

selves to get one. And it rained, so they took Grandpa's umbrella,—his lovely silk umbrella!

Roschen.—It wasn't Grandpa's umbrella; it was Mama's grandpa's umbrella.

Beatrice.—And they hadn't ought to have taken it; I mean, they oughtn't to have taken it, because Grandpa said that no one must touch it.

Roschen.—But they took it to the store where they were going to buy the Christmas tree, and when they started home, *they found that they had lost it*; and then they went back and asked the woman for it, and she said she didn't have it; and then they went out, and they didn't know what to do.

Roschen.—And then Uncle Jimmie said, "Let's pray! and then she'll give it to us." And so they went around the block and prayed every step of the way; and then they went back and asked the woman for the umbrella; she said she didn't have it; and then they went around the block again and prayed again, because they said that if they prayed long enough, they would get it.

Beatrice.—And then they went back again, and the woman said she didn't have it; but the third time they went back, they were crying, and they asked the woman for the umbrella——.

Roschen and Beatrice.—And *she gave it to them!*

Roschen.—Just think! *that was a true story!*

and *they got the umbrella*. Did they get the tree?

Beatrice.—I don't remember if they did.

Mrs. Baker.—You mean you don't remember *whether* they did.



ROSCHEN

Roschen.—The children at school think that I have such a crazy name, and one of the girls calls me *Raeschen*. Who was I named after, anyway?

Beatrice.—Don't you remember, Mama said that when you were a baby, she read "Robert Elsmere," and that she took the name from that book, because she thought it was such a pretty name? She said that Robert Elsmere's wife used to call her sister Rose *Roschen*, once in a while. It means "little Rose," or something like that; but we aren't Germans, and so we don't pronounce it like they do—I mean, *as* they do.

Roschen.—I think that I might be called *Rose*; that's lots prettier, or *Josephine*, after Mama. Who was Mama named after?

Beatrice.—Don't you remember Mama was named after the Empress Josephine, because Grandpa admired her so much?

Roschen.—Who? Mama?

Beatrice.—Of course not! the Empress Josephine.

Mrs. B.—Roschen, you should have said *whom*, because you meant, "*Whom* did Grandpa admire?" And then again, a few minutes since, you said, "*Who* was I named after?" What should you have said?

Roschen.—*Whom*, I suppose, if *who* is wrong.

Mrs. B.—You are almost too young to distinguish the difference between the use of *who* and *whom*, but maybe you can remember that when you can say “*after whom*,” or “*for whom*,” or “*from whom*,” then *whom*, and not *who*, is correct.

Roschen.—But, I didn’t say, “*after whom*.”

Mrs. B.—You said, “*Who* was I named *after*,” which is equivalent to “*After whom* was I named,” so, “*Whom* is this *for*?” or “*Whom* is this *from*?” is equivalent to “*For whom* is this?” or “*From whom* is this?” Many persons prefer the forms “*for whom*,” etc., and “*from whom*,” etc., to “*Whom* is this *for*?” and “*Whom* is this *from*?”

Beatrice.—Goodness! I’m not going to say, “*From whom* is this?” It’s bad enough to have to say, “*Whom* is this *from*?” let alone saying “*From whom* is this?” We don’t say, “*You are going where*?” We say, “*Where* are you going?” so I should think that you would say, “*Whom* is this *from*?”

Roschen.—Beatrice says *whare*, as if it was spelled, I mean as if it *were* spelled, *whaere*. We have to pronounce it like *there* and *wear* and *air* and *care*.

Beatrice.—I did pronounce it like that.

Mrs. B.—No, you pronounced *where*, as Roschen said; and the vowel sound is really the same as that in *air*, *fair*, *fare*, and the like. The sound is produced with the organs of

speech in the position of that of *e* in *end*, a slight modification of the sound of *e* being made in order that it may conform to the consonant *r*. *A* is a glide; that is, it has a vanishing sound in the vowel *e*. This sound occurs when *a* precedes a consonant followed by *e*, except in the case of the consonant *r*, when *a* loses its vanishing sound *e*. Thus: We pronounce, *ate*, *hate*, *game*, *vain*, etc., just as they are spelled; while such words as *air*, *fair*, *ware*, etc., are pronounced more nearly as if they were spelled with *e* instead of *a*. Of course the sound of *e* in these words is not like that of *e* in *err*. The sound in question is, as I have said, the sound of *a* without its vanishing sound *e*, the organs of speech being in the position of that of *e* in *end*.

Roschen.—The teacher wrote a list of words on the blackboard, and then she made us say them over and over until we learned them by heart. I can say them all:

A, as in fare, and its equivalents.

affair	anywhere	bare
beware	care	chary
compare	declare	fair
fairy	farewell	faring
glare	hair	lair
pair	parent	paring
rare	rarely	repair
scarce	scarce	stare
there	thereafter	therewith
ware	warfare	whereabout

wherefore	wherein	wherewith
air	apparent	bear
blare	chair	clairvoyant
dare	despair	fairly
fare	flare	forbear
hare	impair	mare
pare	parentage	prayer
rarebit	rareness	prepare
scarcity	spare	tare
thereabout	therefore	transparent
wear	where	whereas
whereof	whereupon	

SCHOOL-TIME.

Beatrice.—To-day our teacher read us about Whittier, the poet, and we all wrote a composition on him. Shall I read mine?

Mrs. B.—I am pleased to hear you say “*shall I*,” many children, and even grown persons, make the mistake of using *will* instead of *shall*, when asking questions. One should always say “*shall I*.”

Beatrice.—Goodness! even the Boitie knows enough for that. He always says “*shall I*.”

Roschen.—Well, he doesn’t play with other children, and so he ought to say “*shall I*,” he never hears anything else at home.

Beatrice.—I suppose you think that you always use correct English, just because Mama

writes books on English. You make mistakes once in a while yourself.

Roschen.—So do you. Everybody does. Mama said that we couldn't be perfect, but that we could approach perfection. Don't you know she told us that story about the Irishman who said, "If you can't be dasent be as dasent as you can"?

Beatrice.—Just hear Roschen. "Approach perfection!" you would think to hear her talk that she was a young lady; she uses such big words.

Roschen.—You use them yourself, too. Just a little while ago you said that Mama hadn't made any *provision* to go driving because she hadn't ordered the carriage.

Beatrice.—What if I did? Shall I read my composition now? We had to learn some of Whittier's verses, too. I learned his poem entitled, "In School Days." I can say it by heart.

IN SCHOOL-DAYS.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry-vines are creeping.

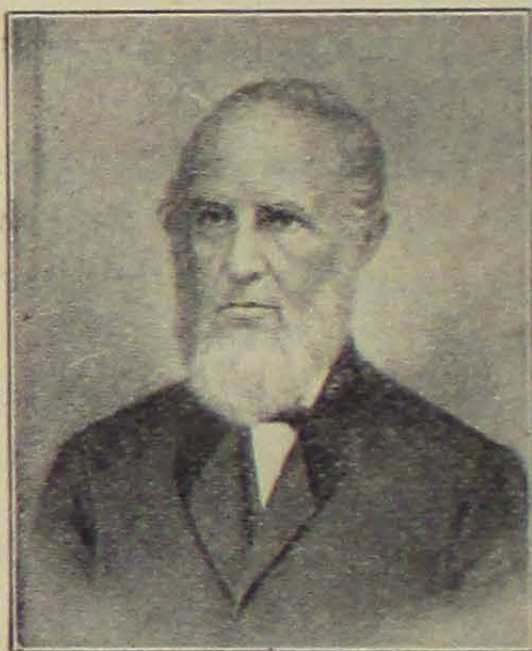
Roschen.—Why does it say, "Still *sits* the school-house by the road"? I should think that it would be *sets*.

Beatrice.—I shouldn't think that it would be either. It ought to be *stands*; a school-house doesn't *sit*.

Roschen.—It doesn't stand either, for that matter; but why does it say *sits*? Why isn't it *sets*?

Mrs. B.—*Set* means to *cause to sit*, while *sit* expresses inaction; so you can see that *sets* would be incorrect. But I thought that Beatrice was going to read her essay.

Beatrice.—Oh, yes! The teacher marked it excellent, too.



WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

One of the famous American poets was John Greenleaf Whittier. He was born on December 17, 1807, at Haverhill, Massachusetts. He was Quaker in religion and led a very pure life. His father and mother were simple, farming folks, and the only education he received was at the district school and at the country academy.

One year he spent in a printing office, and the next was spent in editing the "New England Weekly Review." He was a member of the Massachusetts legislature. He was also one of the secretaries of the Anti-Slavery society, and editor of the "Pennsylvania Freeman." He lived as a boy in an old roomy farm-house, with everything in it to make a boy of his nature



WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE, HAVERHILL, MASS.

Described in "Snowbound"

happy. He knew where to find the whitest lilies and the best chestnuts. On one side of the house was a large forest. That was where he found the hickory nuts. At the foot of the hill was a brook, with large "stepping stones" across, about which he wrote a verse, when he was a man. He died in September, 1892, at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire.

MUSIC LESSON.

Roschen.—I should think that Mrs. Bertrand wouldn't want to take any more lessons. Why, she can play *very* difficult music.

Beatrice.—I shouldn't think there was any one in Chicago that could teach her.

Roschen.—She is going to take lessons of a pupil of Leschetizky.*

Beatrice.—Gracious! That's a big word to say. Who told you how to pronounce it?

Roschen.—Mrs. Bertrand did. And she told some funny stories about him. She said that a friend of hers went abroad to study with him, and that she had been taking lessons for several years of some of the best teachers, or,—she thought they were the best, in this country; and she said that when Leschetizky asked her to play she sat down and began to play her most difficult piece; and when she had played about a bar or two, Leschetizky hollered to her to STOP, and he told her that *she didn't know the first thing about music*.

Beatrice.—Mrs. Bertrand knows how to play,

*Theodore Leszetycki (or Leschetizky, as the name is now spelled in order to make its correct pronunciation more evident to foreigners), was born on June 22, 1830, near Lemberg, Poland, on an estate belonging to a younger branch of the Potocki family.

An eminent teacher in this country, a former pupil of Leschetizky, pronounces the name Lesh-e-tis-ky, accent on the third syllable.

anyway. I never heard any one play as good as she can.

Mrs. B.—Roschen pronounces “used to” just like “yusto.” You can’t conjugate “I *yusta*,” “you *yusta*,” “he *yusta*,” it’s “I *used*,” “you *used*,” “he *used*”—

Roschen.—I don’t know anything about conjugate.

Beatrice.—You know enough to say I *used* to do something, whatever it is, instead of “I *yusta*,” don’t you?

Roschen.—You don’t speak correctly yourself. A little while ago you said that you never heard any one play as *good* as Mrs. Bertrand. Don’t you know that Mama always makes us say *well* when we talk about what we have been *doing*?

Mrs. B.—*Good* is correctly used when action is not expressed; *well* should be used when action is expressed, as: “She is *good* to the poor;” “The children have been *good* to-day;” “She worked *well* to-day;” “She writes *well*.”

Now, Roschen, you may think of some sentence in which *good* is properly used.

Roschen.—“She dances *good*”—no, because she is *doing* something. That should be *well*. “You look awful *good* to me,” that isn’t right, because we musn’t say *awful*; but *good* is all right, isn’t it?

Mrs. B.—Yes; because *good* is an adjective, and the verb *look* does not express action; the

sentence means simply that you *appear* good; but when a person is appearing happy or sad, etc., is he doing anything?

Roschen.—No; just looking that way.

Mrs. B.—Now, give some sentences in which *well* is properly used, but don't choose *popular* songs from which to make your selection.

Roschen.—“Harriot plays the violin *well*.”

Beatrice.—Do you mean Cousin Harriot? Yes; she does for a young girl. If she'd practise real good she could play dandy.

Roschen.—You said *good* for *well*, and again Mama doesn't like us to say *dandy*.

Mrs. B.—We say: “God is *good*;” “John is a *good* boy;” “This candy is *good*;” “The Boitie sleeps *well* at night;” “Dorothy worked *well* to-day.”

Beatrice.—But doesn't most everybody—I mean *almost* everybody—say *good*? Dorothy always says, “I worked *good* to-day.”

Mrs. B.—*Well* is the correct word, the adverb *well* being required in the place of the adjective *good*.

Roschen.—When people ask me how you are, I say, “Mama is *well*.” Is that right?

Mrs. B.—Yes, because *well* may be used as an adjective as well as an adverb. In the sentence, “Mama is *well*,” *well* is an adjective, while in the sentence, “He works *well*,” *well* is an adverb.”

When the verb expresses action,—is doing

something—then the adverb is required; when it doesn't express action, an adjective is required. That is why we have to say, "She looks *nice*, or *pretty*, or *happy*, or *glad*," but "She looked over the paper *carefully*." In other words, when *look* is used in the sense of *appear*, the adjective is required; when *look* expresses *action*, the adverb is required. This is also true of the verb *feel*—as, "I feel *bad*," not *badly*.

Beatrice.—Don't you remember, Roschen, those funny verses that I recited at school? It was all about active verbs. I learned them by heart once. Let me see if I can say them—I mean *whether* I can say them:

"I feel so *badly* every day,"

Complained Miss Elsie Mae O'Shea,

A romping little Irish lass,

Who graced the foot in every class.

The teacher gazed with great surprise

Into Miss Elsie Mae's blue eyes—

She pried down deep into their blue

And then remarked, "They're both askew."

She even grasped Miss Elsie's hands,

And said, "These don't meet your demands."

"Why, teacher, I can see all right,

There's nothing strange about my sight,

And surely both my hands are strong,

Good gracious! tell me what is wrong.

(In truth, Miss Elsie's heart near "broke."

The tears welled up, she tried to choke,

Nor did she stop till she awoke,

To comprehend the teacher's joke.)

"If you feel *badly*—when you're sick—
Your hands and eyes need fixing quick.
But never mind, you simply erred
In making *feel* an action word."
It's passing strange, but Elsie Mae
Thereafter felt real *good* each day.

Beatrice.—I know the rest of that poem
Let me see whether I can remember it:

Dick Allen was a kindly boy,
And never was his cup of joy
So full as when allowed the treat
Of taking some one home "to eat."
And mind you, on this very day
His good mama was pleased to say,
"Now Richard, your papa and *me*
Should like your teacher here *for* tea.
So be polite, and cleanly too,
And surely bring her home with you."
Dick ran to school without a stop,
And reached there tired enough to drop
Despite the fact he puffed for breath,
He scared the teacher half to death
By bluntly telling her—you see,
His parents wanted her *for* tea.
"Why, Richard Allen, are you mad?
And should you feel so very glad,
To put me in a pot to steep?
The thought's enough to make me creep."
Dick shuffled sadly on his feet—
Then mumbled, "No, you're just to eat."
The teacher looked at Dick with dread
The while she slowly shook her head—

Then in a hollow, quaking key,
She said, "This plot means woe to me
For lo, you wish to eat me up,
And then to drink me from a cup."
The children laughed—each little elf,
Until poor Dick came to himself—
For quickly he was more discreet—
(To think—a human he would eat)
He said, "Dear teacher, pardon me,
We wish your company *at tea*."
And so all through the trying days,
In countless bright and helpful ways,
Our English finds a helping hand,
In all the school-rooms of the land.
The teacher—God will bless her soul,
And as the school terms onward roll,
The pupils, too, will rise to bless
The friend who trained their chaste address.
(George Gray.)

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Beatrice.—It's the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, and the teacher read to us all about Lincoln and said that we must write a composition telling about his life.

Roschen.—I'm not going to write one, because I go to another school, and so I'm going to give the teacher the one I wrote last year.

Beatrice.—Let's see yours. That's pretty good writing for you.

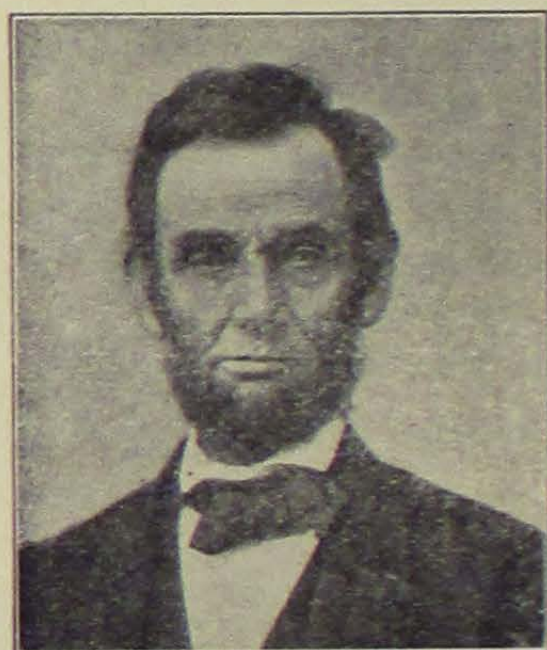
Roschen.—Yes, and I was lots younger.

Beatrice.—“Lots!” Why don’t you say “much younger”?

Roschen.—You say *lots* yourself, and you don’t have to correct me, anyway.

Beatrice.—Let me read your composition.

“Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky on February the twelfth, in eighteen hundred and nine. His—



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Roschen.—That isn’t *Feb-u-a-ri*; it’s *Feb-roo-a-ri*, just like *oo* in *rude*.

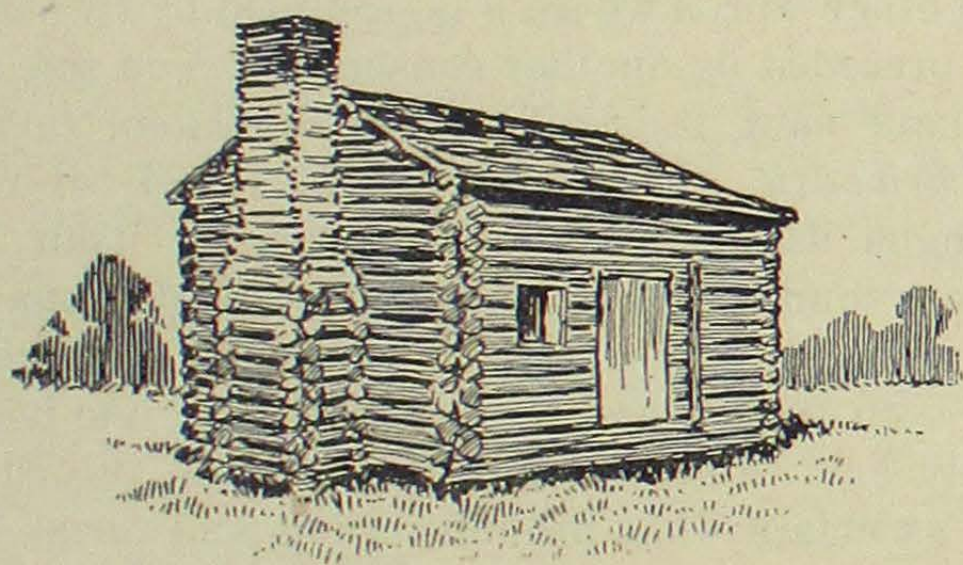
Beatrice.—Well, our teacher says that *u* is pronounced *ioo*, just like *i* in *it*, and *oo* in *food*. You can just ask Mama if it isn’t.

Mrs. B.—*U* in *use* is pronounced as if it were composed of two sounds *i* in *it* and *oo* in *food*; but when *u* is preceded by *r*, *sh*, *ch*, *j* or *l* when

l is preceded by another consonant or aspirate, it drops its sound of *i* and is pronounced like *oo* in *food*.

Beatrice.—Godness! I'd like to know how we can ever remember all that.

Mrs. B.—You can remember that the tongue is an unruly member, and that when a sound becomes too difficult for the tongue to manage, the sound has to accommodate itself to the tongue, for that stubborn member refuses to



LINCOLN LOG CABIN

make any concessions. Now, while it is very easy to say *use, music, muse, pure, etc.*, and comparatively easy to say *due, duke, news, tune, Tuesday, etc.*, it is somewhat difficult to give the same sound of *u—ioo* in such words as *rude, sure, furniture, June, blew, blue, flute, glue*, and the like; and so, even good speakers, for many years, have been pronouncing these

words as if they were spelled *rood*, *shoor*, *furnichoor*, *Joon*, *bloo*, *floot*, *gloo*, etc., and these pronunciations are recorded as correct in our modern dictionaries.

Roschen.—The teacher we used to have, told us to say *blue*, just as if it were spelled *bleoo*. She said that the dictionary gave it that way.

Mrs. B.—Your teacher is not “up-to-date.” In our modern dictionaries, the pronunciation of *blue* as well as that of *blew* is given as if the word were spelled *bloo*, *oo* as in *food*; so with all other words where *u* is preceded by *l* when *l* is preceded by another consonant. You see, as I have said, it is difficult to say *blloo*, *riood*, *Febriooary*, *Jioon*, and the like, and so the tongue has refused to accommodate itself to these sounds. Now, inasmuch as the dictionary gives the pronunciation of words and the forms of both spoken and written language, one need only look in our modern dictionaries, in order to ascertain what pronunciations and forms of diction correct speakers and writers are using.

Beatrice.—Goodness! Then what’s the use of having an old dictionary? I should think everybody would want to know what is the latest style.

Roschen.—You’re crazy! We’re not talking about our clothes.

Beatrice.—I guess what we say is just as important as what we wear.

Roschen.—Well, then, I'm not going to screw my mouth up any longer trying to say *blloo* and *riood* when I don't have to.

Mrs. B.—You should not end your sentences with *to* when *to* is a part of the infinitive. You are too young to understand this, but you can try to avoid using *to* as the last word in your sentence.

Beatrice.—Oh, my! I forgot all about Roschen's composition. Let me read it:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln was noted for being the sixteenth President of the United States and the signer of the Emancipation Proclamation.

He was born in Kentucky on February the twelfth, 1809.

His home was a log cabin without windows or doors and the floor was the ground. Abraham had to climb up on pegs driven into the wall to get to his bed.

His bed was a large sack of leaves, and he slept in the loft.

His father's name was Thomas Lincoln; his mother's, Nancy Hanks Lincoln; and his sister's, Sarah Lincoln.

The only book his mother had was a Bible, and out of it she taught him to read.

At nine years of age, his mother died, which was a great loss to him and to the family.

About seven days after this, Abraham wrote to a minister to come and preach a sermon over his mother's grave.

The minister lived a hundred miles away, so it took him a long time to come, for he had to ride the whole of this distance on horse-back.

Soon after this, his father married again, and this lady brought with her, two sons and a bed, a dresser, a table, and some chairs.

Abraham was a great lover of books, and he borrowed a book one day called "The Life of Washington." He left it out of doors one night and the rain spoiled it, so he worked three days at twenty-five cents a day to pay for the book.

He also read Robinson Crusoe and Pilgrim's Progress.

Besides enjoying reading, he enjoyed studying.

When a boy, he was very tall and his trousers only came a little below his knees, and he was very strong and kind-hearted. One day, when a very large boy was fighting a smaller boy, Abraham fought the larger boy so that he let go of the smaller boy.

When he was working in a store, a lady came in and bought some tea and after she had gone he found out that he had given her two ounces less than she should have received, and after the

store had been closed for the night he walked three miles to return the rest of the tea.

Another day when a lady had come in to have some money changed, he found out, after she had gone, that he had not given her as much change as belonged to her so he walked two miles to return the six and a quarter cents.

In his manhood he was fond of studying law, and soon after he became a lawyer. In a few years he was elected to the Illinois Legislature. All during his life, he had been opposed to slavery.

Soon after this he was elected to Congress, and shortly after became President. It was he who made Thanksgiving a national holiday.

He went to a theater one night called Ford's Theater, and an actor named John Wilkes Booth suddenly sprang forward and shot Lincoln through the brain.

He was buried at Springfield, Illinois, and while his body was being carried there on the train, there was great mourning at every station they passed. There were funeral services held at Washington, and statues were placed near the place he was buried and also one in Lincoln Park, which we have the picture of.

Roschen.—I can never remember whether it is "lengthways" or "lengthwise." I know that it is one or the other, but I don't know which is right.

Beatrice.—It is “lengthwise.” “sidewise,” and “endwise.” I know, because our teacher said so.

Mrs. B.—Both “lengthways” and “lengthwise” are used, but “lengthwise” is the better form.

Roschen.—I shall forget that by to-morrow. Oh! no; I shan’t, because I can think of the word *wise*.

Beatrice.—That’s so; you can say, “I am *wise* now, because I know that it is better to say, ‘lengthwise,’ ‘sidewise,’ and ‘endwise.’” We can always think of how *wise* we are to know all that. Our teacher says that Mama’s books teach pronunciations in this way, making up sentences in which the pronunciations rhyme.

Roschen.—Yesterday, we learned ever so many pronunciations.

Abdomen.—The yeoman had a large abdomen (*yo...do*).

Abstemious.—He was *abstemious* (*he...ste*).

Acclimated.—I became *acclimated* (*I...kli*).

Acumen.—You have *acumen* (*you...ku*).

Address.—She was in distress when she gave me her address (*stress...dress*).

One sentence we learned was, “The *adult* was *adept* in remembering the *address*.” We had to put the accent on the second syllable in each word; and the teacher made us repeat over and over again, “a-*dult*,” “a-*dept*,” “ad-*dress*,” and we had to use a great deal of

emphasis on the second syllable so as to remember that it was “*a-dult*,” “*a-dept*,” “*ad-dress*,” and that the accent was never on the first syllable. The teacher told us that no matter what the meaning of “address” was, it was always accented on the second syllable. She gave us these sentences: “He will give an *address* at two o’clock.” “He will *address* us on this subject at two o’clock.” “What is your *address*?” meaning where do you live. Lots of people say, “What is your *ad-dress*. It is always *ad-dress*. Another sentence that she gave us was, “The man had a fine *address*,” meaning that he appeared well.

Mrs. B.—The words *adept* and *adult* are frequently mispronounced. The accent is on the second syllable.

Roschen.—What does *adept* mean?

Mrs. B.—*Adept*, the adjective, means *skilled; completely versed or acquainted*. *Adept*, the noun, means *one who has attained proficiency*. Thus, we say, “She was *adept* in making lace.” “She was an *adept* in the art of lace-making.”

Beatrice.—Then Grandma must be an adept in lace-making, for don’t you remember what beautiful point-lace Grandma gave Mama for Christmas?

Roschen.—Yes, and the beautiful handkerchief that she gave Auntie Avis?

Beatrice.—I don’t see how she can make such beautiful lace. I could never do it in the world.

Oh! about the word "acclimated;" doesn't almost everybody say *ak'klimated*?

Mrs. B.—Many persons do; but the accent is on the second syllable. You can think of the word *climate*, and pronounce the syllable *cli* in *acclimated* just like the same syllable in *climate*.

Beatrice.—Our teacher said that many persons think that all these are new pronunciations, but that by referring to Mama's book,* they could find out that these pronunciations were given even in "Old Webster."

Mrs. B.—Yes; these are the pronunciations given not only in Century, Standard, International, but in "Old Webster" as well; and furthermore, with the exception of the word *abdomen*, these words have but one pronunciation. In the case of *abdomen*, Century gives a second pronunciation in which the accent is on the first syllable; but inasmuch as Century gives as its first pronunciation, *ab-do'men*, and as all the other dictionaries give only this pronunciation, the word should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.

Now repeat the words that you have given, and do not forget that in each instance, the *accent is on the second syllable*.

Beatrice and Roschen.—Abdomen, Abstemious, acclimated, acumen, address, adult, adept.

*Ten Thousand Words: How to Pronounce Them.

JENNY LIND.

Roschen.—We had to write a composition on Jenny Lind to-day, and this is mine.

Beatrice.—Oh, yes! I know. Our teacher read about her to us, too. She was a beautiful singer, the most beautiful in the world.

Roschen.—I wonder if Mama ever heard her, —I mean *whether*.

Beatrice.—I should say not!

Roschen.—Well, I didn't know but what she might have heard her when she was a little girl.

Beatrice.—You must think Mama lived in the olden times.

Roschen.—Well, when we were little we used to think she did.

I am going to ask Mama *whether* she ever heard Jenny Lind.

Mrs. B.—No; but your Grandpa Turck heard her when he was a young man. But Roschen, you should not say “*but what*” for “*but that*.” “*But what*” means “*but that which*,” and so “*but what*” is properly used only when “*but that which*” can be used in its stead.

Roschen.—When did I say “*but what*”?

Mrs. B.—You said, “Well, I didn't know *but what* she might have heard her when she was a little girl;” you should have said, “I don't

know but *that*," etc., for of course, you did not mean, "but that which." You could say, "I have nothing but *what* you gave me," for the reason that you mean "but *that which* you gave me."

Beatrice.—Yes; and Roschen says *ask*, too for *aask*. Our teacher makes us say *aask*. She said that *a* in *ask* was an intermediate sound between *a* in *at* and *a* in *father*.

Roschen.—Our teacher makes us talk that way too. She made us learn the rule that when *a* precedes *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *sk*, *sp*, *st*, *nce*, and *nt*, it usually has a sound intermediate between *a* in *at* and *a* in *father*.

Beatrice.—Goodness! We have to say *baasketball* and *paas* and *paast* and *laast* and *faast* and *vaast*.

Roschen.—Does she make you say *gahs*?

Beatrice.—Of course not; it wouldn't be *gahs* anyway. It's just *gas*, the same as we always pronounce it. The teacher gave us the rule that when *a* precedes *s* or *n* not followed by *t*, *a* usually has the sound of *a* in *at*. We learned several words besides *gas*—*bank*, *can*, *fan*, *fancy*, *land*, *landlord*, *handkerchief*, and several others.

Roschen.—That's *hangkercheef*, not *hangkerchif*.

Beatrice.—No, it isn't. Its *hangkerchif* just like *i* in *if*; but let's see your composition.

JENNY LIND.

About one hundred years ago in Sweden was born Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. Her early life was a very hard one, for her father was a shiftless man, and her mother had to teach for a living. Jenny Lind and her grandmother were sent to an institution called the Widows' Home. Her favorite place here was in the steward's room, at a large window, which overlooked the street. Here she would sit and sing to her favorite cat.

She attracted the attention of many people in the street, by her voice, and one day, as she was singing, a lady's maid heard her, and told her mistress, who was connected with the Royal Theatre, how sweetly Jenny could sing. The lady came and heard her, and afterwards, asked Jenny's mother whether Jenny could not come and sing at the theatre. The mother consented, but said she did not care to have her become an actress. At the Royal Theatre, Jenny's voice was cultivated at the expense of the public; at nine, she began her life's career, and at seventeen she began to earn a small salary. She was always loved by everybody. When Jenny was twenty years old, she made her first concert tour in Europe in order to secure enough money with which to go to Paris to study.

The houses in which she sang were always crowded with people; some even fought in the

corridor to get into the hall to hear her. Even kings and queens considered it a great treat to hear her. People of nobility showered gifts upon her, but these she always refused. She always helped and loved poor people. One day she saw a poor woman in an alms-house. Jenny spoke to her, and the woman said that she would give anything if she could only hear Jenny Lind sing. Jenny said, "And would you enjoy it very much?" The woman said that she would, and so Jenny sang, and then she told the woman that she had heard Jenny Lind sing.

Whenever she sang, and after she had left the opera-house, the streets would be crowded on each side with people, who wished to get one glimpse of this noble woman. After a while she came to America, and then she married a man named Mr. Goldschmidt. She lived in this country for a time, and then returned to Stockholm. She died in a cottage on Malvern Hills, November 2, 1887. She had a patchwork quilt, given her by the children of the United States, buried with her.

THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

Beatrice.—We are going to have a lovely show the last day of school. We're going to have Indians, and fairies, and Esquimaux, and all the girls and boys are going to take part. The teacher says I can be an Indian, but I don't

want to be an Indian; I had rather be a fairy. Won't you write to the teacher so that she will change my part?

Mrs. B.—I think you had better leave it to the teacher to decide. She probably knows better than you what part you should take.

Roschen.—Goodness! Beatrice; your're too big to be a fairy. You would make a lots better Indian. I wish I was in your room, so that I could be a fairy.

Beatrice.—I guess I could be as good a fairy as you. I'm only ten years old, and some of the girls that are older than me are going to be fairies. Viola and Genevieve and Mildred are three months older than me, and they are going to be fairies.

Mrs. B.—Don't become excited that you cannot speak correctly. In the first place, Roschen, instead of saying "I wish I *was*," what should you say?

Roschen.—"I wish I *were*."

Mrs. B.—And, Beatrice, instead of saying, "The girls are older than *me*," what should you say?

Beatrice.—"Than *I*." Goodness! I almost forgot. I can't be an Indian, for I won't be here. I forgot! Why, we're going to Wisconsin for the summer, and I won't be here on the last day.

Mrs. B.—The last day of what?

Beatrice.—The last day of school, of course.

Mrs. B.—Instead of saying “*I won’t be here,*” say “*I shan’t be here.*” Your school closes on the sixteenth of June, and we needn’t go to the Lake until the day after.

Roschen.—Oh, let’s go before! We don’t need to go to the show, and we’re not going to have any lessons that day.

Beatrice.—Well, I guess not! I guess if you were going to be an Indian you would want to stay, too. Besides, I’ve got to stay—I mean, I *have* to say. They have to have me in the show, for we have to make a lot of noise, and the teacher said that she couldn’t get along without me. So you see, Roschen, I shall have to stay.

Roschen.—Our room isn’t going to have any show; only just speaking pieces. I wish I was—*were*—in Beatrice’s room. I had lots rather be in a show like Beatrice’s than to speak an old piece.

Mrs. B.—Well, when we get to our summer home, you can both be Indians, for when we are there you are both about as wild as Indians. Roschen, you might recite the piece that you are going to speak on the last day of school.

Roschen:

ABEL ENGLISH.

(By George Gray.)

I like to go to school this year,
Upon my word, I do;

I wish the term would keep ahead,
And run the summer through.

Of course, I have a reason—
One I'm sure you'd never guess—
You'd likely think it's on account
Of playing at recess;
The reason's really funny
For a boy—but I'll explain,
We've got for once a teacher
Who can make our grammar plain.

The way the teacher traps us,
Takes us wholly off our guard;
Because she comes among us
When we're playing in the yard,
And every time we say "*That's him,*"
Or, don't you see, "*It's me,*"
She acts as if our grammar
Makes her as mad as mad can be.
We're certain, then, when school takes up,
She'll tell us how we erred,
And write us out a rule like this:
To master word for word.

Rule.—"Do not forget that the noun or pronoun following the verb *to be* is in the same case as the noun or pronoun preceding the verb *to be*."

"Remember that the following forms comprise the verb *to be*: *am, is, are, was, were, shall be, will be, have been, has been, had been, shall have been, will have been.*

"Remember that your Nominative Pronouns are: *I, we, thou, ye, he, she, they, who, it, you.*

"Remember that your Objective Pronouns are: *me, us, thee, him, her, them, whom, it, you.*

"Also, understand that any pronoun that is the subject of a sentence is in the Nominative Case. Knowing this you will at once perceive that the proper forms are '*That is he,*' and '*It is I,*' because; *that* and *it* are in

the Nominative Case, and, following the rule, *he* and *I* must likewise be in the Nominative Case, for *he* and *I* come directly after the word *is*, which is part of the verb *to be*. In like manner, you would say, 'It was *we*,' 'You are *he*,' 'These are *they*,' and 'That is *she*.' "

Today the teacher heard me,
I was talking to a chum,
A boy that thinks a lot of me—
And loves my sister some—
He says to me, "Say, Abel,
Tell me where's your sister Belle,"
I said, "*She's home* today, I think,"
Ma said she wasn't well."
I saw at once my grammar
Gave the teacher great concern,
And pretty soon thereafter,
I was given this to learn:

Rule.—"Do not forget that the noun or pronoun following the verb *to be* must denote or refer to the same person or thing as the noun or pronoun preceding the verb *to be*, unless it is separated from the verb by a preposition."

In the sentence, 'She is home,' *home* which follows *is* does not denote the same person or thing as the pronoun *she* which precedes *is*, consequently, the preposition *at* is required to show the relation between the noun *home* and the verb *is*. Therefore, one should say, 'She is *at home*.'

Last Friday in the afternoon,
The teacher thought it well
To let a boy and girl choose sides,
And give us words to spell.
Each scholar missed "cir-cu-i-tous,"
Except May Sharpe and me,

And then at last she spelled me down
On "as-a-foet-i-da."

"You can't spell half *as* well as I,"
I told her after school—

Of course, in fun—but teacher heard,
And posted this new rule:

Rule.—"Remember that you must not use *as* after *not*. You should say, 'You cannot spell so well as I.' Bear in mind that *as* follows *as* in the comparison of unequals. One should say, therefore, 'You spell *as* well *as* I,' or, 'You do not spell so well as I.' "

At first I didn't like Miss Smart,
She seemed so very cross,
But that was just put on, I found,
To teach us who was boss;
Soon afterwards I told her that
I cared not where they were,
There never was a teacher who
Was tenderer than *her*.
She thanked me for the compliment
She said I had to pay,
Then laughingly she wrote this rule
To say by heart next day:

Rule.—"Remember that the conjunctions *than* and *as* should always be followed by a noun or pronoun in the Nominative Case. The noun or pronoun is in the Nominative Case because it is the subject of another sentence whose predicate is either expressed or understood. One should say, therefore, 'There never was a teacher who was tenderer than *she* (is). Also, 'You are as gentle as *I* (am).'

Dear me! school closes now in June,
Then Miss Smart goes away;

I wonder if she'd write to me—
And what she'd have to say.
My full name's Abel English,
And she said, in all her day
She never heard a name so sweet,
Or worthy so much praise;
So on the day that school let out,
I'll give her my address,
And liking Abel English so,
She ought to write, I guess.

But don't you know, I wish that school,
Would run along for good—
I'd like it if Miss Smart would teach,
I'm really sure I should.
Some little boys and girls I know,
In writing and in speech,
Say, "How I *would* like this or that."
Now, mark me, I beseech:
That form is wrong; *would* should be *should*,
And what one ought to say,
Is, "How I *should* like this or that."
Go look it up, I pray.

VACATION.

Beatrice.—Miss Pratt wanted to know why I was taking my books home, and I told her, we were going to our summer cottage in Wisconsin. She said, if I would send her my address and write her a nice little letter, she would answer it.

Roschen.—I told my teacher I was going away, and she wanted to know whether I would be back in time for school next fall.

I'm glad we're going to the Lake. I'm going to have a birthday there. Goody! And can I have another party? I mean, *may* I have another party?

Mrs. B.—It is about time you paid attention to your speech. In the first place, Beatrice, you should say “*ad-dress*” *not ad-dress*,” and, Roschen, instead of saying “be back” you must say “*come back*.”

Beatrice.—Can't we say, “I'll be back soon?”

Mrs. B.—No, “I'll *come* back soon.” *Be* and *back* never go together. You may say, “I'll *be* here again,” or “I'll *be* there,” but not “I'll *be* back.”

Roschen.—We are going on Monday, aren't we? Oh, goody! Then we can see Georgie, and Betsey, and Josephine. Oh, yes! and the new baby cousins. I wisht we could go today.

Mrs. B.—Roschen, you must not say, “I *wisht* we could go today. Only a short time since, I told you not to say “I *wisht*” for “I *wish*.”

Roschen.—Well, I forget.

Mrs. B.—You must not forget again. If you are not careful, when you are a young lady you will say “I *wisht* I could,” and “I *wisht* I had.” Only yesterday, I heard a young lady who was

graduated from the High School last June, say, "I *wisht* I had a new spring suit.

Beatrice.—I wish we didn't have to be corrected so much. I am awful tired of it. I mean *very* tired.

Roschen.—Oh, I'm roasted in this dress, it is more hotter to-day than it was yesterday.

Beatrice.—Why, Roschen Baker! You ought to know better than to say "more hotter."

Roschen.—Well, I guess when you were as little as I, you used to say *more hotter*, too.

Mrs. B.—I am pleased to hear you say, "as little as *I*." But, Roschen, you must not say, "you *use* to." You must say, "You *used* to." "I *yusto*," "you *yusto*," "we *yusto*," are very common errors, which are made even by grown persons. You may practise this: "I *used* to," "You *used* to," "He *used* to," and sound *s* as if it were *z*.

Beatrice.—It doesn't seem as if I could ever learn that! it is too hard. Now may Roschen and I go to Marion's for a little while?

Mrs. B.—You have learned to say, "It *doesn't*" instead of "It *don't*;" "May Roschen and I," instead of "Can Roschen and *me*," so I know that you can learn to say "*used* to" instead of "*yusto*."

Beatrice.—You didn't tell us whether we could go to see Marion. May we go?

Roschen.—Marion has the mumps, Beatrice, so we *dassent* go.

Beatrice.—Why, Roschen! *Dassent!* That's as bad as the children talk at school.

Roschen.—Well, I don't know what else to say.

Mrs. B.—“Dare not” sounds too ambitious for a little child. You may say, “We daren't go,” or “we can't” or “mustn't go.”

Beatrice.—Just think! All we have to take to the lake is the kitten that Marion gave us; and think what we brought home with us last fall.

Roschen.—There was the rabbits—

Beatrice.—And they were stolen: and the turtles—

Roschen.—And we gave them to the school.

Beatrice.—No, we didn't; we gave them to Freda Mueller.

Roschen.—Well, first we gave them to the school, and when they couldn't keep them, we gave them to Freda.

Mrs. B.—Roschen, a few moments since, you said, “*There was the rabbits.*” What should you have said?

Roschen.—*There were the rabbits.* I wish we had more animals to take with us. We had nine rabbits last year and now we haven't any.

Beatrice.—We didn't have nine rabbits, we had only two when we went to the Lake.

Roschen.—Well, we had nine when we came home, and now all we have is just an old cat.

Beatrice.—It isn't an old cat, it's only a little kitten, for it's only two months old.

Beatrice.—Goodness! When are we going to pack? If we don't hurry up and go to the Lake, vacation will be over. It's July now, and we always go in June.

Roschen.—Well, that's your fault. You wanted to stay over so as to be an Indian in the show, and then after that we had company, and then we had to wait until our company had gone.

Beatrice.—Well, let's hurry up and go before any more company comes. We have lots more fun at the Lake than we do here, and I want to hurry up and go. When are we going?

Mrs. B.—To-morrow, if you will be good children.

Roschen.—Oh. Frances is going on an excursion tomorrow, and maybe we can all go together.

Beatrice.—No, we can't, because Frances is going to cross the Lake, and we are going by train; and, besides, they are going on an excursion.

Roschen.—We are going on one too.

Beatrice.—It isn't an excursion when you stay all summer. You don't call that an excursion.

Mrs. B.—You should say "excurshun," not "excurzhun."

Beatrice.—Well, I called it “*excurshun*,” and Frances said it was “*excurzhun*.”

Roschen.—Yes; and the last day of school, she said she was going to wear her blue dress and white *gamp*. I told her it was *gimp*, and she said it wasn’t. Then I told her that my mama wrote a magazine, and that I guess she knew, and then she asked the teacher, and the teacher said that *guimpe* was pronounced *gamp*.

Mrs. B.—Her teacher was in the wrong.

Roschen.—Yes; I know she was, because Frances said her mother looked in the dictionary, and found that it was *gimp*.

Beatrice.—Can’t Roschen and I pack our things, and get ready to go?

Roschen.—Why, we haven’t anything to pack. We’re only going to take the kitten.

Beatrice.—And our dolls.

Roschen.—Oh, yes! and our go-carts.

Mrs. B.—Well, you may select the things that you want to take, and get ready to go.

VACATION AT CEDAR LAKE.

Beatrice.—Every one of the baby rabbits is out in the yard! Hurry up, Roschen, and come and see them!

Roschen.—Oh, there they are! Ain't they sweet? I want to hold one, Beatrice.

Mrs. B.—Beatrice has learned to say "every-one *is*," instead of "everyone *are*," but Roschen has not learned to say "*aren't* they," instead of "*ain't* they."

Roschen.—I always forget, or that is, I most always do.

Mrs. B.—You must not say "*most* always."

Beatrice.—Can't we say, "It is *most* time for dinner," or "It is *most* time to go in swimming?"

Mrs. B.—No, you must always say *almost*.

Beatrice.—Well, when Roschen has more strawberries than I have, can't I say "Roschen has the *most*?"

Mrs. B.—Yes; although it is very impolite to make remarks of that kind. You are too young to understand the difference in meaning between *most* and *almost*, but you can remember that when you mean a *greater number* or *quantity*, you may say *most*, but when you mean *nearly*, you must say *almost*.

Beatrice.—Isn't dinner *most* ready? I mean, *almost* ready. I'm awful hungry.

Mrs. B.—You mean *very* hungry.

Beatrice.—I thought when we got to the Lake we didn't have to be corrected all the time. It's vacation now, and I should think we could wait until next fall.

Mrs. B.—You might as well say, "I should think we needn't be corrected when we are impolite, because it is vacation." I am sure you would not think of leaving the table without asking to be excused, simply because you are at Cedar Lake instead of in Chicago, and surely your speech is fully as important as your manners.

Beatrice.—There's the bus! Can we go and see if Papa is in it? I mean, *may* we go? Hurry up, Roschen, because next Thursday is the Fourth of July, and you know Papa said he would come to-day and bring us lots of fire crackers and torpedoes. Hurry up, Roschen!

Roschen.—We have got to put the rabbits back first, or the dogs will get after them. There's only three. Where's the gray one?

Mrs. B.—Beatrice, you should say, "Next Thursday *will be* the Fourth of July," not "*is* the Fourth of July;" and Roschen, you should not say "We have *got to* put the rabbits back," but "*we have to* put the rabbits back," and instead of saying, "*There's* only three rabbits," you should say, "*There are* only three rabbits," because *there's* means *there is*.

Beatrice.—Oh, there he is!

Roschen.—Goody! Where, where, Beatrice?
Beatrice.—Under the shed. Catch him by the ears.

Roschen.—Oh, pshaw! I thought you meant Papa instead of that old rabbit.

Beatrice.—He isn't an old rabbit. He is only three weeks old.

Roschen.—Oh, there he is! There he is! Hurry up, Beatrice, run!

Beatrice.—Who, the rabbit?

Roschen.—No, Papa!

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Roschen.—It won't seem like my birthday party at all, because I am having it in August, instead of July.

Beatrice.—Well, think of me! I never have a party, because there is no one left at the Lake in September for me to have it.

Roschen.—Mama said this was to be both your party and mine, and so it will be as much yours as mine. You've got to help me decorate the house with leaves and flowers.

Beatrice.—I thought we were going to have the party on the lawn.

Roschen.—So we are; but then we're going to have company in the house awhile, because Edith Decker is going to bring her music and Mama is going to play too. She's going to play the piece that she composed for my birthday.

Beatrice.—What is she going to call it, “Roschen Waltz?”

Roschen.—It isn’t a waltz. It is too dreamy for a waltz.

Beatrice.—I suppose she made it dreamy because you are always dreaming. You never know what you are about half the time. You go about with your eyes wide open, but you never see anything. You’ve got beautiful, dark eyes, but they’re not any use to you.

Mrs. B.—You should say “not *of* any use;” and you shouldn’t say “have *got*;” what should you say?

Beatrice.—Just *have*. You said that we must not use *got* with *have* when *have* meant *possession*.

Well, anyway, it’s true about Roschen. She never finds anything, no matter how long she hunts for it.

Roschen.—Don’t you remember that funny story our teacher read to us one day? It was about a burglar that got into a house when the woman that lived there was very sick and all alone. And she told him that she was so thankful that he had come, because he could help her. And so she asked him to get her medicine and she sent him to the bureau for some cloth, and he found everything for her right away. And when the woman told her neighbors about it the next day, she said that she supposed he could find everything so quickly because of his *pro-*

fession. She said her husband could never find anything.

Beatrice.—A little while ago Roschen said *got*. She said that the story was about a burglar that *got* into a house.

Mrs. B.—*Got* may be used in that sentence because it does not indicate either possession or obligation.

Beatrice.—We've got, I mean we *have* to go now and get ferns and golden-rod. Why can't we say "We have got"? It doesn't mean possession.

Mrs. B.—You must not use *got* with *have* when you mean that you *must* do something. *Have* in itself indicates either possession or necessity, and in consequence, *got* is superfluous.

Roschen.—How is it that you can get golden-rod now? I thought it did not come until September. Don't you remember that little verse entitled "September" that Mama wrote?

Nature lingers; still loth to change her dress
of green,

But everywhere on grassy hillside's slope,
the golden-rod is seen;

And while red-leaved branches tell that summer's flown,

Its richer hues show nature's dress more
beauteous grown.

Beatrice.—Don't you know, when we drive to West Bend, we can see the golden-rod all along

the road? Goodness! How often we go to West Bend. We haven't had supper at home one evening since we came.

Roschen.—I think it's lots of fun to take our luncheon along, and then eat it in the carriage, and then when we get home, we can go right to bed. It takes a long time to go to West Bend and back.

Beatrice.—It's eighteen miles. It should take a long time.

Roschen.—It's only nine miles.

Beatrice.—Well, nine miles there and nine miles back; that makes eighteen, doesn't it?

Roschen.—We always go every other day; why don't we go somewhere else?

Beatrice.—Mama has important letters to mail, and so we have to go whenever she does; and yesterday we had to order the ice cream for the party, and get things for Lena to make the cakes with.

Roschen.—Just think! I have had all my birthdays here at the Lake, and I've had a party every time.

Beatrice.—No, you haven't. I mean I beg your pardon. You didn't have a party when you were a year old; and you weren't at the Lake, either, because we were on the Chespeek Bay that summer at Bay Ridge.

Mrs. B.—You should say, "Ches-a-peake Bay," not *Chespeek*. It is pronounced as it is spelled.

Roschen.—That's something like it! We most always—I mean, almost always—have to pronounce words different than they are spelled. *Kro-kay* is spelled “*c-r-o-q-u-e-t*,” and *gimp* is spelled “*g-u-i-m-p-e*.”

Mrs. B.—You should not say, “different *than*.” You should say, “different *from*.”

Beatrice.—What a time we had when we bought our guimpes. First, the girl that waited on us asked the man where they kept them, and then he asked Mama what they were like, and when she told him, he said, “Oh, yes! *gamps*!”

Roschen.—I suppose almost everybody says *gamp* when they mean *gimp*.

Mrs. B.—You should not say, “Almost everybody says ‘gamp’ when *they* mean ‘gimp,’” You should not refer to *everybody* as *they*. *Everybody* means *every person*. You would not say for example, “Everybody *are* going,” would you?

Beatrice.—No; “Everybody *is* going.”

Mrs. B.—Then, you should not refer to *everybody* as *they*. Now, you may repeat the following ten times: “*Everybody, or every one, each one, no one is going.*”

Beatrice.—I think it is real mean. I never have a party on my birthday, because we always stay up here until everybody else has gone home, and then there isn't any one to come to my party. I should think that we could go back

to Chicago,—I mean Evanston,—before my birthday, and then I could have a party, too.

Mrs. B.—This year you may have a party at Evanston, as we shall return home on the first of September; but you should not say, “*real* mean”; omit *real*.

Roschen.—We’ll have Ariel and Lucille Frost.

Beatrice.—And of course, Katherine and little Fenton, because they are our cousins —

Roschen.—And our other cousins, Willie and Evelyn and Mabel —

Beatrice.—And Marion and Dorothy. Goodness! but there’ll be an awful lot.

Beatrice.—Let’s count up and see how many we’ll have at Roschen’s party. We can’t have as many children as we have at Evanston, because we don’t know as many. There are only a few at the hotel to invite.

Roschen.—Yes; but we can have Georgie and Betsy and Josephene from Cedar Creek, and the baby can come this year. Yes, and Ethan, too, he’s big enough now.

Beatrice.—He was at your party last year, too. Don’t you know his mama brought him?

Mrs. B.—Instead of saying, “We can’t have as many children as we have at Evanston,” what should you say?

Beatrice.—“We can’t have so many.”

Mrs. B.—Yes; and instead of saying, “Be-

cause we don't know *as* many," you should say, "because we don't know *so* many."

Roschen.—Can we have as much ice-cream and cake this time as we had last year?

Mrs. B.—Do you say *can* we have, Roschen?

Roschen.—"*May* we have."

Beatrice.—And instead of chocolate cake, mayn't we have some caramel cake? Frances' mother makes lovely caramel cake. I just love caramel cake.

Mrs. B.—Don't call that *karmel* cake. It's *ca'ra-mel* cake. It is not pronounced as if the first syllable were *kar*. So many children call that *kar'mel*. It's *ka'ra-mel*. And then you must not say, "I just *love* cake," and you must not speak of a cake as *lovely*. Why, only yesterday I heard a lady speak of a *beautiful* pie.

Roschen.—Yes; I noticed that, too. It was—

Mrs. B.—Never mind; you should not mention names in criticising persons.

Beatrice.—Well, may we have some *ca'ra-mel* cake? Lena can make it, or if she can't, you can, because you can make just lovely cake. I mean awful nice cake.

Mrs. B.—No; you mean very nice.

Beatrice.—I wish we could go to Cedar Creek this afternoon to invite the children. Mayn't we go?

Mrs. B.—Yes; you may go with cousin Willie. He is going to the Creamery this afternoon. I

am glad to hear you say "*Cedar Creek.*" You used to say "*Cedar Krik.*"

Roschen.—That was because the children used to call it "*Cedar Krik.*"

Now, I must write the invitations to the party. I have written one already to Josephene. Is that right? "I would like you to come to my party on Thursday. I will be seven years old, and I am going to have a caramel cake with seven candles, which are going to be lit. Your loving cousin, Roschen Baker."

Mrs. B.—Instead of saying, "*I would like,*" what should you say, Roschen?

Roschen.—"*I should like,*" I suppose.

Mrs. B.—And instead of saying, "*I will be seven,*" say, "*I shall be seven*"; and instead of saying, "*The candles are going to be lit,*" say, "*The candles are going to be lighted,*" for although *lit* is often used, *lighted* is preferable.

Beatrice.—Goodness! You should hear the children at the hotel talk. They always say *me* for *I*. I should think that their parents would correct them. Gracious! even the Boitie can speak better than they can.

Roschen.—Well; he learned how to use *I* and *me* from Mama. Don't you know she has taught him to say *I* when she asked "*Who is Mama's darling?*" and to say *me* when she says, "*Whom does Mama love?*"

Beatrice.—Of course he knows that he has to

say *I* when Mama begins the sentence with *who*, and to say *me* when she begins the sentence with *whom*.

Roschen.—Do we always use *I* after *who*, and *me* after *whom*?

Mrs. B.—Yes, in similar constructions; that is, when *who* and *whom* are correctly used.

Roschen.—Now suppose some one were to ask, “*Who* is this letter for?” should I answer *I*.

Beatrice.—Of course not; because the question is wrong. It should be “*Whom* is this letter for?” or “For *whom* is this letter?” Don’t you know Mama taught us all about that once before?

Roschen.—Oh! yes, now I remember. Then of course the person should say, “*Whom* is this letter for?” or “For *whom* is this letter?” and then I should say *me* or “for me,” this is when it is for me.

Mrs. B.—You and Beatrice ask each other questions.

Beatrice.—*Who* is there?

Roschen.—It is *I*.

Beatrice.—*Who* called me?

Roschen.—*I*.

Beatrice.—*Whom* is the party given for?

Roschen.—*Me*. Goodness, that’s easy enough when you speak correctly, but most children here would say, “*Who* is the party for?”

Mrs. B.—I am sorry to say that many grown persons would say “*Who* is the party for?” in-

stead of "*Whom* is the party for?" or "*For whom* is the party?"

Roschen.—I am glad we came up here in time to have my birthday party. It doesn't seem like a year ago that we were here. The time just flies.

Beatrice.—That's because we are having such a fine time. We do just as we did last year, swim, and drive, and fish. I just love Cedar Lake.

Beatrice.—You can't *love* Cedar Lake.

Roschen.—Well I do. Goodness, I guess I am going to say *love* when I want to say it. We don't use slang like other children do,—I mean, *as* the other children do. They always say, "Oh, isn't it dandy?"

Beatrice.—There's a new girl at the hotel,—I don't know where she is from,—and when we are together, all that she can say is "Isn't that dandy?" and "Well, I should say!"

Roschen.—I noticed that, too; I can't bear to listen to her.

Beatrice.—Her mother should correct her. I suppose I say *dandy* once in a while, but she doesn't say anything else, unless it is "I should say."

Roschen.—I've heard her say *Gee*.

Beatrice.—That's nothing. You should hear some of the girls at school. They say *dandy* half the time, and they come from cultured families, too.

Roschen.—Of course; for most of the people at Evanston are cultured. I never hear any of the girls use slang.

Beatrice.—They say *dandy* and “I should say,” and *skiddoo*.

Roschen.—Well; if we don’t *skiddoo*, we shall be late for school.

Beatrice.—You know that Mama doesn’t allow us to say *skiddoo*. The first thing you know, the Boitie will be saying it.

Roschen.—He says it now, and I never hear Mama correct him. I suppose she thinks it’s cute. She thinks everything he does is cute.

Roschen.—He’ll probably be like the rest of the boys when he grows older. They all use slang words.

Beatrice.—René never did.

Roschen.—Oh, well! René is different. His father and mother never allowed him to go with boys that would teach him those things.

Beatrice.—Well, Boitie isn’t going to talk any differently to what we do.

Mrs. B.—You mean, *from* what we do.

Beatrice.—That’s so; I remember now. We mustn’t say *different* or *differently* to, nor *different* or *differently than*. We should always use *from* after these words.



THE "BOITIE"

THE TEDDY BEAR GOES SWIMMING.

Boitie.—My Teddy Bear is all wet, and it'll take a week to dry him. It was Ethan's fault. We found an old tobacco-bag on the shore, and Ethan said, "Let's blow it up so as to make a life-preserver of it, and tie it around the Teddy Bear's waist so he can go swimming." So we blowed the tobacco-bag up, and tied it around the Teddy Bear's waist and put him in the Lake, and he went clear to the bottom, and we had to fish him out with a fishing-net.

Roschen.—Well, you needn't cry about it; and, besides, you shouldn't say, *blowed*. You should have said, "We *blew* the tobacco-bag up." Now put your Teddy Bear in the sun, and he will soon be dry.

Boitie.—"Put the Teddy Bear in the sun!" That sounds funny.

Beatrice.—It does, but I suppose it is one of those idioms that Mama tells about, like "All the lamps *went out*."

Boitie.—It sounds like they went out walking.

Beatrice.—You should have said, "*as if* they went out walking."

Roschen.—Boitie doesn't make many mistakes. The people at the hotel think he uses very good English for a little boy.

Boitie.—I'm pretty big now, for I'm five years old. But my Teddy Bear won't get dry

for an awful long time, and I just love my Teddy Bear.

Roschen.—I notice that Boitie has a good deal to learn yet, but then he doesn't talk like many other children. They say; "*You was*" for "*You were*;" "*It ain't*" for "*It isn't*;" "*I seen it!*" for "*I saw it*;" "*I done it*" for "*I did it*."

Beatrice.—I should hope he wouldn't talk like that. He never hears such expressions, for he hasn't played with many children except at Kindergarten; and besides, we live at Evanston.

Roschen.—I suppose you think that the people of Evanston are like those of Boston that the teacher read to us about,—"*superior to human nature*."

Boitie.—I think that they are awful nice,—Lawrence, and George, and Dorothy, and Robert, and Ruth,—when are we going back to Evanston? Oh! I'm going to show them my turtle when I go back.

Roschen.—If you don't take better care of this turtle than you did of the last, you won't have any to show them.

Boitie.—It wasn't my fault at all. I didn't lose the other turtle. It was all Milton's fault. He told me to take the turtle down to the Lake and give him a drink; and I took the turtle down to the pier, and he just drunk once, and then he swum away so fast that I could not catch him.

Mrs. B.—Roschen will have to give you a little drill on *drunk* and *swum*. You should have said, “He just *drank* once and then he *swam* away.”

Roschen.—I remember that we use *drunk* and *swum* with *have*, *has*, or *had*, and *drank* and *swam* without these words.

Mrs. B.—An easy way to remember when not to use *have*, *has*, or *had* is, not to use these words with those in which *a* occurs. That is, the two *a*'s should not be used together. We must say: “I *drank*” but “I *have drunk*,” “I *swam*” but “I *have swum*,” “I *began*” but “I *have begun*,” “The boat *sank*” but “The boat *has sunk*,” “He *sprang*” but “He *has sprung*.”

Roschen.—Can't we say, I *drunk* and I *have drunk*?

Mrs. B.—Neither conforms to good usage. A second form *sunk* or *swum* is recorded to be used without *have*, *has*, or *had*, but the first,—I *sank*, I *swam*,— is preferable; so with *rang*, *sprang*, *sang*,—it is better to ignore the other spelling unless used with *have*, *has* or *had*. Sometimes, we find a verb, like *stick* or *sting*, that has no such form as *stack* or *stang*.

Roschen.—There are some good drills in the CORRECT ENGLISH Drill Book. Here's the book:

DRANK AND DRUNK.

Rule.—Use *drank* without *have*, *has*, or *had*; use *drunk* with *have*, *has*, or *had*.

DRANK.

I *drank* a cup of iced tea at dinner.

He *drank* several glasses of mineral water at the springs this morning.

They *drank* nothing but soda-water at the drug store.

I am surprised to hear that they *drank* nothing but soda-water.

They *drank* several glasses of water.

Are you sure that they *drank* nothing but water?

He *drank* two cupfuls of coffee at breakfast.

DRUNK.

I *have drunk* several glasses of water to-day.

He *has drunk* several glasses of water to-day.

We *have drunk* all the lemonade.

You *have drunk* all the water.

They *have not drunk* any water to-day.

I *had drunk* several glasses of water before you came.

You *had drunk* several glasses of water before he came.

He *had drunk* several glasses of water before she came.

We *had drunk* several glasses of water before he came.

They *had drunk* several glasses of water before he came.

Have I drunk all the water in the pitcher?

Have you drunk all the water in the pitcher?

Has he drunk all the water in the pitcher?

Have we drunk all the water in the pitcher?

Have they drunk all the water in the pitcher?

Had he drunk all the medicine before the doctor came?

In the passive voice *drunk*, and not *drank*, is required.

The water *was drunk* by all the party.

Several glasses of water *were drunk* before the discovery was made that it was not pure.

Was the water drunk by all the party?

The water *was drunk* by all the party.

SANK, SUNK, SHRANK, SHRUNK, SPRANG, SPRUNG,
SWAM, SWUM.

Rule.—Use *sank*, *shrank*, *sprang*, *swam* without *have*, *has*, or *had*; use *sunk*, *shrunk*, *sprung*, *swum*, with *have*, *has*, or *had*.

Note.—In connection with *sank*, *shrank*, *sprang*, *swam*, note that a second spelling of these words is recorded, thus: *sank* or *sunk*; *shrank* or *shrunk*, *sprang* or *sprung*, *swam* or *swum*; but as these spellings are given a secondary position, only the first spellings (*sank*, *shrank*, etc.), will be given in this drill; that is, of course when mere past time is indicated without the use of *have*, *has* or *had*.)

SANK AND SUNK.

The boat very nearly *sank* before we could reach it.

The boy *sank* twice before his rescuers could reach him.

The stone immediately *sank* to the bottom.

He *sank* all his fortune in the enterprise..

I *have sunk* all the money that I intend to sink in this enterprise.

SHRANK AND SHRUNK.

He.—My! How my bathing suit *has shrunk*.

She.—Has your bathing suit *shrunk* very much?

He.—Yes; it *has shrunk* very much. *Has* yours *shrunk*?

She.—No; mine *has not shrunk*. It *might have shrunk*, had not my dressmaker *shrunk* the goods before making the suit.

He.—When goods *are shrunk* before they are washed, won't the garment shrink afterward?

She.—Not much. My last bathing-suit *shrank* so much that I decided *to have* the cloth of this one *shrunk* before making it up.

(Note that in the passive form, *was shrunk*.)

LAST DAY AT THE LAKE.

Beatrice.—Just think! To-morrow, we're going home, and then we'll have to go to school as soon as we get there.

Roschen.—School doesn't begin until a week from Monday.

Beatrice.—Oh, that's so! René's school begins to-morrow, but he lives in Milwaukee. Just think! we are going to have our last drive to-morrow.

Roschen.—No; we shan't, because Papa is going to drive home in the surrey, and then we can go driving every day at Evanston, just the same as we do here.

Beatrice.—Well, I meant that we were going to have our last drive to West Bend—over the Hog's Back Road.

Roschen.—It isn't "Haghs Back" it is Hog's Back; just like *o* in *log*. You can think of the log houses on the Hog's Back Road.

Beatrice.—There aren't any log houses. There are only a few farm houses, and those are mostly stone. What funny names they have for the roads in Wisconsin. There's the "Church Road," that's because there's a church on it.—but the "Hog's Back," I don't see any sense to that.

Mrs. B.—The road was so named because of its contour. Don't you remember those great ravines?

Roschen.—Oh, yes! Those are the *sides*! That's why it has such a funny name.

Beatrice.—Goodness! Mama goes crazy over that road, because there are so many beautiful trees and hills and such deep ravines. Goodness! I wouldn't want—I mean, I *shouldn't* want to fall down one of them.

Roschen.—The trees?

Beatrice.—No, the ravines. What was that verse Mama used to recite?

Roschen.—

“The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green.”

Beatrice.—How could you remember that?

Roschen.—Mama used to say it enough; but we had that in school.

Beatrice.—I think it is lots of fun when we come home at night, for when we meet the people on the road, they think our carriage is an automobile,—and goodness! how they laugh when they find out it is only a surrey.

Roschen.—The farmers don't have lamps on their carriages, and so, of course, they think that ours is an automobile.

Beatrice.—Didn't we have fun that night when we heard some one holler “Jump! Jump!” and the lady jumped out and the man held his horse until we came up, and then they laughed as hard as they could, and said, “We thought it was an Automob-e-e-l.”

Roschen.—Yes, and they said “auto-mo-be-e-l,” instead of au-to-mo'bil.”

Beatrice.—Oh, well, I don't suppose that they have any dictionaries around here.

Roschen.—Goodness! How crazy our horse has acted at Cedar Lake this year. Whenever he met an automobile he got frightened, and he meets thousands of them every evening here.

Beatrice.—Thousands of them! You have broken another golden rule,—*Not to exaggerate*. Why, we don't meet a thousand in a year.

Roschen.—A thousand automobiles in a year! and we drive every evening. Well! I should say we did.

Beatrice.—We know how to pronounce *automobile* now because it is in Mama's book on Pronunciation.

Roschen.—Yes; and then don't you know we can remember it by those funny verses that we saw in *Christmas Endeavor*; I can say them by heart:

WHAT THEY CALL IT.

Grandma says we're right in style
A-sittin' in our automo-*bile*.

Grandpa says we're fit to kill,
A-ridin' in our automo-*bill*.

Ma, she says we ought to feel
Grateful fer our automo-*beel*.

Pa says there ain't no other man
Kin run an auto like he can.

Auntie preaches near and far
'Bout our lovely touring-car.

Uncle Bill says he ain't seen
Nowhere such a good machine.

Brother Jim, he keeps a-braggin'
'Bout the speed of our new wagon.

But, Oh! it sound so grand and noble
When sister Sue say "*automobil*."

It is easy to remember that "*automobile*" must rhyme with *noble*. Gracious! wasn't it dreadful that night we got lost in the woods near Cedar Lake?

Beatrice.—It wouldn't have happened if I had been along. I should think that you had been on the road enough to know the way, and Mama was with you, too.

Roschen.—Oh! She was on the back seat with the Boitie. She wasn't paying any attention; she was probably dreaming or thinking about her magazine. You must remember, it was an awful dark night; the carriage lamps went out, too, just before we got lost; or at least, one of them went out.

Beatrice.—Where did it go? For a walk? That is such a funny expression,—THE LAMPS WENT OUT.

Mrs. B.—Yes; it sounds strange, but it is correct, for it is one of the idioms of our language.

Beatrice.—What is an idiom?

Mrs. B.—An idiom is a peculiar expression that is correct, as we say, according to the usage of the language, but not necessarily according to its grammar. Every language possesses idioms—words of expression peculiar to the language; but you will learn more about idioms when you are older.

THE BABY JOURNAL.

Roschen.—Goodness! It seems as if we are growing old awfully fast,—I mean very fast. And the Boitie's, too; he's growing so fast. It just seems a little while since he was a baby.

Beatrice.—Oh! Why didn't we have a baby journal for him,—just like mine? He's so sweet and loving.

Roschen.—We were too, when we were his age. Don't you know that poem that Mama wrote in your journal,—“Her First Kiss”? You were only a year old when she wrote that. I know it by heart.

THE FIRST KISS.

To-day while conning o'er some thoughts,
But half awake, and half asleep,
Two dewy lips 'gainst mine I felt;
Two little hands in mine did creep.

My first thought, 'twas an angel's kiss,
So sweet, so soft, the lips had pressed;
When I awoke, I found 'twas true,
For Dolly's face to mine did rest.

Beatrice.—Why do you call me *Dolly* when my name is Beatrice? Everybody outside the family calls me Beatrice.

Roschen.—They all used to call you “Dolly Dimple.” Don't you know the poem that Mama wrote in your journal about your dimples. I know those verses by heart, too:

They say when baby's eyelids close,
An angel drops down from the skies,
Implants a sweet and dewy kiss,
Then backward, homeward, heavenward flies.

And then a glowing, beauteous smile
O'erspreads the fair and lovely face,
Then fades away, and naught is left,
To show the seraph's dainty trace.

But stay! What is that tiny *print*,
As if a finger had been pressed,
It is, it is, the angel's kiss!
And Dolly's *dimple* tell the rest.

Roschen.—Just think what Mama wrote about your first party.

When Dolly was but five months old,
Her debut she did make,
'Twas at the Misses Phipps's fete
And there she sat in state,

While all the little boys and girls
Around 'bout her did crowd.
She smiled upon them like a queen,
Nor once did cry aloud.

Her second advent she did make,
When six months had but passed—
She surely was to be a belle,
The die indeed was cast.
For after that, at each new moon,
A fete she did attend
'Till she was fully nine months old,
Then she herself a card did send
To all little boys and girls
For many miles around,
Which made them all clap hands with glee
And joy and song abound.
For thus her invitation read:
"Miss Dolly Dimple Baker
Will be at home from three to six—
Now all must come to see her."

So all the little boys and girls
Did come to Dolly's party,
Until the air was filled with mirth,
For all did laugh so hearty.
For there was Dolly Dimple dear,
The daintiest, prettiest thing,
Her little hands all filled with flowers
Which Alice Mills did bring.

A pretty robe encompassed her
Of roseate hue and silken sheen;
But fairer than the gown she wore,
Was the lovely face, I ween;

The nut brown curls encircling fair
The dimpled face and laughing cheek,
Revealing tiny teeth of pearls,
Like unto those that divers seek —.

Her tiny feet from 'neath her dress,
"Like little mice came peeping out,"
And when the merry music played,
Would fain have danced around, about.

The children all did laugh and grow,
Save those whose tender feet so fair
Had not yet strayed from Mother's arms,
But held by her in loving care.

For babes there were so fresh from Heaven,
The halo scarce had seemed to fade,
As if it had not time to vanish,
'Ere Mother's arms new circles made.

And thus full many a verse 'twould take,
To tell of all the joys that day;
There have been other gladsome hours,
But none more blithe nor sweet, they say.

Roschen.—I don't care; Mama never wrote any poetry about me, and I didn't have any Baby Journal either, neither has the Boitie, and you have a journal, and it's all full of poetry about your first party, and your first tooth, and your first kiss, and everything.

Beatrice.—Roschen always ends all her sentences with *everything*. Mama hasn't any time to write poetry now, because she has to write books.

Roschen.—Well she didn't have to write any when I was a baby, and I think I might have had a journal too, and then everybody could have written poetry in it.

I think that was such a pretty poem that Mama wrote when you were two years old, and had a party at the plaza. I can say it by heart:

Just two years old to-day is she;
Two years she hath our world made bright,
A heaven-sent gift hath been to us
To strew our way with gladsome light.
The sunbeams nestle in her hair,
Made golden by their gladsome play;
They vie with her in sportive glee,
For she is two years old to-day.

No color can describe her eyes;
They're neither blue nor brown nor gray;
But shine they bright as do the stars,
For she is two years old to-day.
Her laughing face betrays the print
Which angels in her cheek did lay,
The smiles oft show the dimpled kiss,
For she is two years old to-day.

And here are gathered children fair
To join with her in revels gay;
Their gifts and fragrant flowers they bring,
For she is two years old to-day.
How can we e'er forget the scene,
The innocent and gladsome mirth?
O God! we thank thee for this day,
And for that day which gave her birth.

Beatrice.—I think it's awful nice, I mean very nice, to have a baby journal, and then when you're grown up you can read about everything when you were little.

Roschen.—Yes, I suppose you will be like Mama was,—I mean like Mama—go around and tell everybody like she did, that she and her brothers were very remarkable children—that they were so remarkable that their father had to write down in a book everything that they said.

Beatrice.—When Mama said that, she didn't know any better, because she was only a little girl.

Roschen.—Why, I heard Mama tell a lady that the other day—and she said it took her several years to get over the idea that she wasn't remarkable—and that she was afraid that she had never gotten over it entirely.

Mrs. B.—Roschen, you should not have said, "like she did." What should you have said?

Roschen.—"As she did." Oh, yes! we must say "*like her*" but "*as she did.*"

Mrs. B.—And then instead of saying, "She was *afraid* that she had never gotten over it entirely, what should you say?

Roschen.—She *feared* that she had never gotten over it entirely.

Beatrice.—A teacher that we had awhile ago wouldn't let us say *gotten*. She said that the

International Dictionary said that it wasn't used now.

Mrs. B.—International records the use of *gotten* for *got* as obsolete, but both Century and Standard record *gotten* as correct, *got* or *got-ten* being given as the form of the past participle; so you may say *gotten* or *got* unless you wish to express either possession or necessity.

Roschen.—Yes; I know, you said that we could not say, "I have *got* or *gotten* my pocket-book," because, *got* was superfluous; nor I have *got* to go, because you said that *have* gave the full meaning without *got*.

Roschen.—Goodness! We get corrected at school and at home too.

Beatrice.—Oh, we don't hardly ever get corrected at school.

Roschen.—Yes, we do. Every once in a while the teacher corrects us—if we say *re'ses* for *re-ses'* or something like that.

Mrs. B.—Beatrice, you should not say, "We don't hardly ever;" you should say, "We hardly ever;" and, Roschen, instead of saying, "Every once in a while," you should say, "Once in a while." "Every once in a while" is as meaningless an expression as is, "About once in so often."

Roschen.—I think that is so funny in "The Bird's Christmas Carol," where the children are going to the Christmas party, and Mrs.

Ruggles says: "Now Sarah Maud, after dinner, *about once in so often* you must git up and say, 'I guess we'd better be goin';' 'n' if they say, Oh, no! Set a while longer,' you can set; but if they don't say nothin', you've got ter get up 'n' go. Now hev yer got that int' yer head?"

Beatrice.—One of the children recited that on the last day at Christmas time. It made us all laugh because it was so funny.

Roschen.—I think the last day of this term was nicer than the last day at Christmas.

Beatrice.—That's because you spoke. I suppose you think that you spoke the best in the room.

Roschen.—I didn't break down, anyway. Don't you know that funny story Mama told us about Uncle Fenton, when he was a little boy? The teacher asked him whether he could speak a piece and he said, "No, but he could sing a song." It was a Sunday school song, and after he had sang two lines, "Far out upon the prairie, where many children dw—," he couldn't go on any further, because he had began it too high, and his voice broke.

Mrs. B.—Roschen, you shouldn't have said, "after he had *sang*," and "because he *had began*." You should have said, "after he *had sung*," and "because he *had begun*." You must remember not to use the two *a's* together. You may say, "I sang," but not "I have sang,"

or "had sang;" "I began," but not "I have began" or "had began."

Beatrice.—Whenever are we going back to Evanston? I want to see all the children.

Mrs. B.—You should not say, "*Whenever* are we going." You should say, "*When* are we going."

Beatrice.—We are going to have a terrible time getting home. Worse than when we came, for there's the rabbits, and the chickens, besides all of our other things.

Roschen.—Yes it's going to be worse than when we came, because we only had two rabbits and now we have ten, and we didn't have the chicken neither. I mean *either*.

Beatrice.—Roschen, you don't need to say *either*; Mama said it was unnecessary.

Roschen.—She said we could say it in every-day conversation, and we say it every day.

Beatrice.—I wish we didn't have to go to school, and then we could stay at Cedar Lake till winter.

Beatrice.—That's so. The children here have all gone home, and we can't have any more fun. I suppose I'll have to practise when I get back. Am I going to take again this fall?

Mrs. B.—Take what?

Beatrice.—Music lessons.

Mrs. B.—You should not say, "Am I going to *take*." Children and even grown people say they are going to *take*, but do not say what.

Yesterday I heard a guest at the hotel say, "I mean to have my daughter *take* this winter." I think she means to have her daughter take music lessons, but she didn't say so.

Roschen.—It sounds like she meant her to take the winter.

Mrs. B.—You must not say, "It sounds *like* she meant," but "It sounds *as if* she meant." You make that mistake very often, Roschen. Yesterday you said Beatrice looked *like* she was angry instead of Beatrice looked *as if* she was angry.

Beatrice.—Well, I was angry at Roschen.

Mrs. B.—You mean angry *with* her. You must not say that you are angry *at* any one. You should say "angry *with* him."

Beatrice.—Suppose it is a girl.

Mrs. B.—Then you should say you are angry *with* her.

Roschen.—Isn't it almost time to go? There's the 'bus! Goody! Now we can have a nice ride. Beatrice, you take Boitie, and I'll take the chicken, and Mama will have to take the rabbits.

Beatrice.—Oh! Roschen, you haven't any sense. We're not going to carry the rabbits. They're going by express.

Roschen.—Oh, I thought we had to carry them. The 'bus is at the front door. It's ject in time, because we're all ready.

Mrs. B.—You mean, "It's *just* in time."

HOME AGAIN.

Beatrice.—I don't feel the least bit like going to school. I'd a great deal rather be at Cedar Lake and go in swimming every day and drive to West Bend.

Roschen.—We didn't go to West Bend every day, only every other day.

Beatrice.—Roschen; don't you remember that Mama said we were not to contradict each other, especially when we were talking about trivial things. That is Golden Rule number five,—“*Do not contradict one another, especially when the subject is of trivial importance.*”

Beatrice.—I asked Lola to-day why she didn't answer my letter when I was at Cedar Lake, and she said that she did; but I never got it.

Roschen.—Maybe she didn't put down “route 4.” Don't you know that is why we didn't get Mrs. Woodworth's letter? She just put down Cedar Lake, Wisconsin, but didn't put down “Route 4.”

Beatrice.—Isn't it “Root 4”? I mean isn't it pronounced “Root 4,” like the root of a tree? Erika said it wasn't “Root 4,” it was “Route 4,” and then I said it was “Root 4.” She asked her mother, and her mother said that *root* was the French pronunciation, and that *route* was the English pronunciation.

Mrs. B.—That is true, but the French pronunciation is preferred to the English; it is the one given in the Century Dictionary, and the only one given in the Standard.

Roschen.—René said we ought to say *root*, and that to say *route* was as bad as to say *crocket* for *crokay*.

Beatrice.—Erika said that when her mama was a little girl, they used to call croquette “quarrel game,” because they all quarreled so when they played it.

Mrs. B.—The children are evidently no different now from what they were when Erika’s mama was a little girl; and judging from the disputes you had all summer, I think the name is very appropriate.

Beatrice.—Well, it was all Edgar’s fault. He always said that I didn’t go through the arch when I did.

Roschen.—Yes, if it hadn’t ov been for Edgar we wouldn’t have quarreled; for René and Erika and Hilda never quarreled with us.

Mrs. B.—You should have said, “If it *hadn’t* been for Edgar, we *shouldn’t* have quarreled;” not if it *hadn’t ov* been, or if it *hadn’t have* been for Edgar, we wouldn’t have quarreled. You must never use *have* after *had*.

Beatrice.—Yes; and whenever we went in swimming, Edgar always ducked us. Wherever we go, there is always someone to spoil our fun.

Mrs. B.—I fear you are like the woman who

said that wherever she went she had bad neighbors. You mustn't acquire the habit of finding fault, and you must remember that you may have been partly to blame, for you know it always takes two "to make a quarrel."

Beatrice.—We always got along with Josephine and Betsy.

Roschen.—Yes; and Marion and Dorothy. Oh! Let's go and see Marion and Dorothy this afternoon. We haven't seen them since we came back from the lake.

Beatrice.—Oh, yes! Let us go, and then we can see Gertrude Webber, too. She only lives a little ways from Marion.

Mrs. B.—You mean she lives only a little *way*, not a little *ways*. You must not say "a little *ways*," or "a long *ways*," for "a little *way*," or "a long *way*."

Beatrice.—Most everybody says it.

Mrs. B.—You mean *almost* everybody. But that does not make it correct. Besides, almost everybody does not say it, although I heard a lady say yesterday when I told her that I lived at Evanston, that she would not like to live at Evanston, because it was such a long *s ways* from Chicago.

Beatrice.—I don't see why we have to be so particular.

Mrs. B.—When you grow up, you will be apt to speak as you do now; and then it will make a great deal of difference whether you speak

correctly or incorrectly. You are too young to understand the importance of speaking properly, but when you are a young lady you will be glad that you were not allowed to say "*It ain't,*" "*It don't,*" "*You was,*" "*I've got it,*" "*It's awful nice,*" and like expressions.

BACK AT SCHOOL.

Beatrice.—All the children are going to school. Will I be late? Will I be late?

Mrs. B.—If you will try to be late, I think you will succeed. You must not say "*Will I be late?*" You must say, "*Shall I be late?*" Never say "*will I?*" because no one can answer that question but the one who asks it.

Roschen.—There's one thing the Boitie ought to be cured of, and that is, saying "*ain't it?*" He always says "*shall I?*" He never thinks of saying "*will I?*" but always says "*ain't it?*"

Beatrice.—Yes; and he says "*ain't I?*" too.

Roschen.—Well, that isn't bad. Our teacher says that "*ain't I?*" stands for "*am I not,*" and that it isn't half as bad, I mean half *so* bad, as "*ain't it,*" because *ain't* never stands for *isn't*.

Beatrice.—Our teacher makes us say "*am I not.*" She says that *ain't* is a loose construction of "*am I not.*"

Roschen.—Well, I guess you can't expect the Boitie to say "Am I not." If we can teach him to say "isn't it," we can stand "ain't I." Of course grown people ought to say "am I not," but you can't expect anybody so little as the Boitie to say "am I not." Goodness! How would it sound for a child three years old to say "am I not"? I'm glad Mama doesn't make him say it.

Beatrice.—She makes him say "Isn't it" and "Isn't he" and "Isn't she"; and "Doesn't it" and "Doesn't he" and "Doesn't she"; and "Shall I," instead of "Will I."

Roschen.—Boitie never said "Will I," so Mama has never had to correct him for that.

Roschen.—I always mind what you say. I don't care if the children do laugh at me. Yesterday, I stepped on Julia's foot and I said, "I beg your pardon," and she said that I should say "Excuse me."

Mrs. B.—You were right, Roschen. When should you say "Excuse me?"

Roschen.—When I want to leave the table.

Mrs. B.—Yes; and when you leave the room, you should ask your playmates to excuse you. I noticed yesterday, that when Genevieve was here, Beatrice rushed out of the room when she saw Gertrude coming, without asking Genevieve to excuse her.

Beatrice.—Well, I was in an awful hurry.

Mrs. B.—You should take time to be polite,

even though you may be in a hurry. You may dispense with the word *awful*.

Beatrice.—I don't know what *dispense* means.

Mrs. B.—I don't suppose you do, but you can remember that you should not say *awful* unless you are speaking of something that is awful. You may speak of an *awful* fire, but not of an *awful* hurry or of an *awful* nice time.

Beatrice.—What shall I say instead of *awful*?

Mrs. B.—Simply say, "I am in a hurry," or "in a great hurry."

Beatrice.—If Roschen don't hurry up, I'm not going to wait for her.

Mrs. B.—I have told you many times to say *doesn't*;—"Roschen *doesn't*," not Roschen *don't*."

Roschen.—I never say, "Beatrice *don't*," I always say, "Beatrice *doesn't*."

Mrs. B.—Yes; and Roschen is nearly three years younger than you are, Beatrice. You should do as Roschen did. She learned to say, "He *doesn't*," "She *doesn't*" and "It *doesn't*" by saying to herself over and over again, "I *don't*," "You *don't*," "He, She or It *doesn't*."

Beatrice.—Well, I never say "I've *got* it" any more.

We had to write out all the contractions in school yesterday. The teacher wrote them on the blackboard and we copied them. This is my paper.

Roschen.—Let me read it.

I'm not.	He's not.	You're not.
You're not.	We're not.	They're not.

NOTE.—Even in the first person, the form “ain’t” is regarded as objectionable by many, the expression “I’m not” being employed by the best speakers. In interrogative sentences, the expression “Am I not” is used. “Isn’t he” and “Is he not” are equally correct. In this connection note that the plural forms “we’re not,” “you’re not,” “they’re not” are preferable in declarative sentences, to “we aren’t,” “you aren’t,” “they aren’t.” In interrogative sentences, the contracted forms are “Aren’t we?” “Aren’t you?” and “Aren’t they?”

In dignified utterance, contractions should not be employed.

Am I not?	Isn’t he?	Aren’t you?
Aren’t you?	Aren’t we?	Aren’t they?

NOTE.—The form “Art thou not” is not contracted.

I don’t	We don’t.	They don’t.
He doesn’t.	You don’t.	

NOTE.—The form “thou dost not,” used in Old English and in poetry, is not contracted.

The bell *doesn’t* ring.

He *doesn’t* like to study.

She *doesn’t* come very often.

In connection with these contractions, note that *shall* and *will* are contracted alike for all three persons in both the singular and the plural number. Thus:

Declarative.—*I shant* (you, he, we, or they).

Interrogative.—*Shan’t I* (you, he, we, or they)?

Declarative.—*I won't (you, he, we, or they).*

Interrogative.—*Won't I (you, he, we, or they)?*

NOTE.—The contraction “won’t I,” like “Will I,” is properly used only when asking the question of one’s self or repeating the words of another.

“May not” in interrogative sentences becomes “mayn’t;” “can not” becomes *can’t*. “Can not” (also *cannot*) or *can’t* is the required form when denying permission or when expressing ability.

JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

Beatrice.—This morning our teacher told us all about Jean Francois Millet, and everybody in the room had to write a composition on him, from memory. This is what I wrote:



MILLET

Jean Francois Millet was born on Oct. 4th, 1814, in the northern part of France, in Gruchy

by the sea. He was the eldest of a large family. They were peasants and both father and mother



THE GLEANERS

worked all day in the fields. The grandmother cared for the children. Jean was very glad to have his grandmother for his first teacher. She was a Christian woman, and so influenced his life, that he became a stern and good man. One day he drew a picture of his father on the door, and it was so good that his father took him to an artist in Cherbourg. The artist said that if he would study he would become a great artist. He studied with this artist a while until the death of his father, which called him home to work in the field; but still he kept at his drawing and reading. The people of the town in which he lived thought that he would make a great artist, if he could go to Paris, and

study with some of the great artists there. They raised the sum of two hundred dollars a year to support him and pay his other expenses. He went to Paris and went into the great art galleries, such as the Louvre, studying the paintings. He then went to a studio in Paris. But he was not happy here. The other students made fun of his paintings. Then the money from home did not come, so he started to paint



ANGELUS

pictures of his own, and sold them, but he did not sell many. Then he married, and he and his wife and children moved to Barbizon. They had to walk all the way because they were so poor. He moved into a white stone house, on which were beautiful rose-vines. When they came from Paris to Barbizon they had to walk through the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau.

While at his house in Barbizon he painted his most famous pictures,—the Sowers, the Gleaners, and the Angelus. At length his pictures were sold and people began to appreciate his paintings. At last the King made him a member of the Legion of Honor. He died Jan. 20, 1875.

Roschen.—Let's see it. "Jean Francois Millet was born ——."

Beatrice.—That isn't the way to pronounce it.



SHEPHERDESS KNITTING

You have to say, "Zhon Franswah Me-yay." You don't pronounce the *n* in *Zhon* nor in *Fran*. You make the *o* and the *a* go through your nose; and you pronounce *Millet* like *Me-yay, yay*; *a* in *yay* like *a* as in *hay*.

Roschen.—I think that an awful funny way to pronounce *Millet*. It is spelled *M-i-l-l-e-t*, and I should think it would be *Millet*.

Beatrice.—Well, it isn't. It's a French word. Don't you know when Aunt Sarina was here from Paris, she spoke some French for us, and it sounded awful funny,—I mean *very* funny?

Beatrice.—Miss Bitely told us that there were three great artists who had names almost alike: Sir John Everett Millais, an Englishman, who is dead; Francis Davis Millet, an American, who is living; and Jean Francois Millet, a Frenchman, who is dead. And she



FEEDING HER BIRDS

said that Sir John Everett Millais' name was pronounced *Mil-lay*, and that the accent was on the second syllable; and that Francis Davis Millet's name was pronounced *Millet*, and the accent was on the first syllable; and that Jean Francois Millet's name was pronounced *Me-yay*, with a little accent on the second

syllable. It was awful hard—I mean *very* hard—to remember, and we had to say it about fifty times.

Roschen.—They give us such hard things to learn. In the olden times, when Mamma was a little girl, she said that they didn't learn about Jean Francois Millet and Raphael until they went to College.

Beatrice.—Well, but Mama had to write compositions when she was a little girl; for don't you remember that composition that she wrote when she was at Star Seminary, before she went to College? I've forgotten the name of it, but it was the one that her teacher, Miss Wheelock, liked, and she said, when she read it, that some day Mama would be a writer.

Roschen.—And just think. She never was one.

Beatrice.—That's so. Just think! She never was.

MICHAEL ANGELO

Beatrice.—This week we had to write a composition on Michael Angelo, and this is mine:

Michael Angelo was born in the year 1474 or '75, and died in the year 1565. He was born in the city of Florence, and was the son of titled parents; but his father was not a man of wealth, so Michael went to school in Florence. But instead of studying, he spent his time in drawing

pictures and in visiting the studios of different artists. His father wished him to study, instead of trying to become an artist. At last his father gave his consent, and Michael Angelo entered one of the finest studios. He stayed there three years. He was then given permission to study in the garden owned by Lorenzo de Medici. He once found a piece of marble, and sculptured a faun out of it. One day, as Lorenzo de Medici was walking in the garden, he came upon the faun, which Michael had made. He thought it very good except for one thing. He said that if he wanted it to represent an old man, it ought not to have a full set of teeth. When Michael heard this he knocked two of the faun's teeth out so cleverly, that Lorenzo de Medici invited Michael to make his home at his house. He remained there three years. Two of his best pieces of sculpture are Moses and David. He was a painter, a poet, an engineer, an architect, and a sculptor. He died at the age of ninety.

Roschen.—Let me see it: “Michael Angelo was born in the year—”

Mrs. B.—The English pronunciation is *Mi'kel An'je-lo*, *i* as in *Mike*, and *a* as in *an*; the Italian pronunciation is “*Me'kel An'jel-o*,” *e* as in *me* and *a* as in *father*. The English pronunciation is the first one given in *Century Dictionary*, while *Standard* gives only the Italian pronunciation.

Roschen.—Well, then, “Michael Angelo was

born in the year 1474 or '75, and died in the year 1565. He was born in the city of Florence, and—

Beatrice.—You mustn't pronounce that *Flawrence* like *a* in *awe*; its *Florence*, *o* in *on* just like *a* in *father*.

Mrs. B.—But *o* in *on* is not pronounced like *a* in *father*. It has a sound intermediate between that of *a* in *father* and of *a* in *awe*.

Beatrice.—Our teacher makes us say *Flor-ence* and *forest* and *on* and *not* just as if they were spelled *Flahrence*, *fahrest*, *ahn* and *naht*.

Mrs. B.—I think that you must be mistaken, as these sounds are not correct. When I was a little girl, however, the teacher made me pronounce these words in the same way; but when I studied English in Boston, I learned that the sound of *o* in *Florence*, *forest*, *on*, *not*, etc., was intermediate between that of *a* in *father* and of *a* in *awe*.

Roschen.—I suppose the people in Boston pronounce every word just right.

Mrs. B.—Some of them do, but many do not. The Bostonian is apt to say *nawt* for *not*; *awhn* for *on*; *bawx* for *box*, etc. Soon after I arrived at Boston my new acquaintances began to comment upon my pronunciation of words containing the short vowel *o*. One lady said, "How queerly you pronounce 'lamb *chops*'; you say 'lamb *chahps*;' we don't; we say 'lamb *chawps*.'" I soon learned, however, when I

studied with an orthoepist that neither *chahps* nor *chawps* was correct, but that the vowel sound was intermediate between the two.

Beatrice.—Goodness! our teacher in school ought to know this. She makes us practise on lots of words. We have to say *bahx* for *box*; *lahg* for *log*; *haht* for *hot*, and ever so many words like that.

Mrs. B.—Your teacher probably gives you the correct pronunciation of these words, but you may not catch the exact sound.

ROSA BONHEUR.

Roschen.—If you think my Schubert composition was short, you ought to see my Rosa Bonheur one. It's twice as long.

Beatrice.—Let's see it.

Rosa Bonhoor was born March 22, 1828, in Bordox, on the western coast of France. Rosa was——.

Roschen.—It isn't "Rosa Bon-hoor." It is "Rosa Bon-er." *Bon* is pronounced like *o* in *dog*, and *er* is pronounced like *err* or *early*. The teacher told us to think of the sentence, "The *early* dog catches the *bone*."

Beatrice.—That's silly. It is the early bird and something else; I've forgotten it.

Roschen.—Well, it helps us to remember that it's *Bon-er*, *er* like *early*. You said *Bordox*. It

isn't *Bor-dox*; it's *Board-dough*, just like a bread-board that you make dough on.

Beatrice.—I don't see how you could write such a long composition from memory, and not make any mistakes.

Roschen.—Miss Bitely read it to us just once, and then we all wrote it out from memory. She



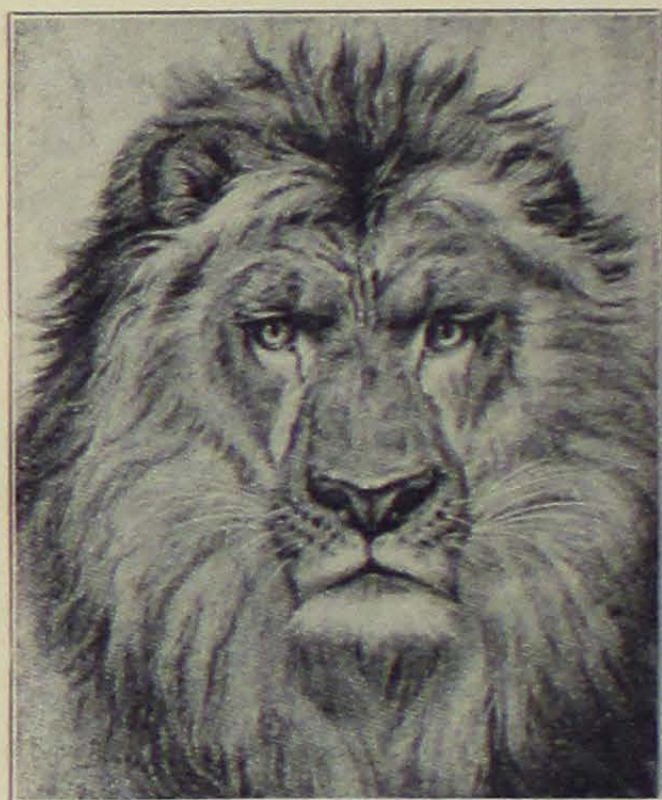
ROSA BONHEUR

gave us the little pictures, too, to paste in. I'm going to keep all my compositions until I grow up just like Mama did.

Mrs. B.—Just *as* Mama did. Then, too, Roschen, you said a short time since, "You ought to see my Rosa Bonheur one." You should have said, "You should see my Rosa

Bonheur one." Strictly speaking, we use *ought* only when we wish to express duty, or moral obligation. But you are probably too young to understand this.

Beatrice.—I know; you had something about that in the magazine. But let me read the composition.



AN OLD MONARCH

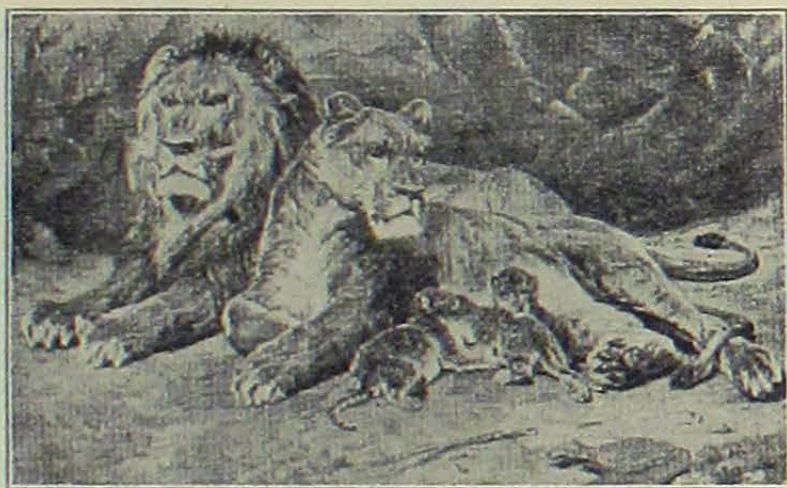
Rosa Bonheur was born March 22, 1828, in Bordeaux, on the western coast of France. Rosa was the eldest of five children. Her father was an artist, her mother a musician, and they were very poor.

Their home was not a pleasant one, and when Rosa was but a little child the mother, tired out

with work, died, leaving the children motherless.

Her talent for drawing showed very early, and she filled the white walls of her bedroom as high as she could reach with drawings of cows, sheep and dogs. Among her pets were cows, dogs, sheep, deer, and rabbits. Her father gave her lessons in drawing when he saw she liked to draw, but thought that a girl could never become a great artist.

The family soon moved to Paris, and took some rooms on the sixth floor of an apartment



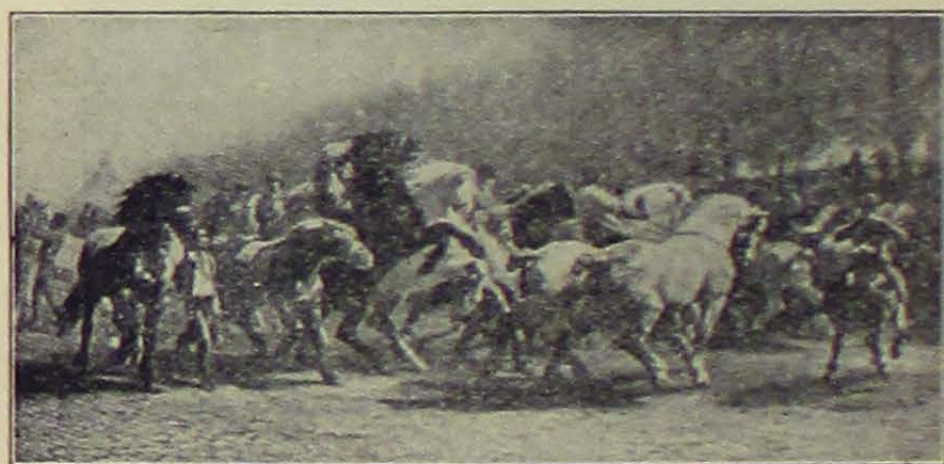
LIONS AT HOME

building. Here she made a roof garden of sweet peas and nasturtiums, and brought here her pet lamb. As there were no elevators in this building, her brother carried it each day down the stairs to graze on the fresh grass. Her father sent her to school with her brothers. He continued to give her lessons, and one day he said, "If you were only a boy, you might some day

become a great artist." But she answered, "I will cut off my hair and wear boys' clothes and be a boy," and after this she went everywhere in boys' attire.

Lessons now began in earnest, and soon Rosa was able to assist her father with his pictures. She was also able to copy pictures in the art galleries of Paris.

When she was eighteen years old, she exhibited her first picture of two rabbits eating a carrot. Later, one of her famous pictures, "Oxen Ploughing," took several medals.



THE HORSE FAIR

The success of "Oxen Ploughing" encouraged her to paint a still more successful picture, so when she was twenty-eight she began her most famous picture, "The Horse Fair."

She planned this picture for about a year before she began it. She visited stables and horse markets and sketched horses in every position.

Then she began her picture, which required the largest canvas ever used by an animal painter up to this time. Her horses were two-thirds life-size, and she used a ladder to reach some parts of the canvas.

She finished it and exhibited it in one of the



ON THE ALERT

art galleries of Paris. It attracted more attention than any other picture there. It was brought to England and America, and was bought by a wealthy man for sixty thousand dollars, and it now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

Some of Rosa Bonheur's pictures are, "An Old Monarch," "Lions at Home," "On the

Alert," "Changing Pastures," "Denizens of the Highlands," "Coming from the Fair," "Sheep of Berry," and "The Stampede."

She died in Paris on May 25, 1899.

WALTER SCOTT.

Beatrice.—Goodness! Mama works so hard on her magazine and all those questions she has to answer that if she don't look out, I mean *doesn't* look out, she'll get sick. Walter Scott died from working too hard. We are to write a composition on him to-day.

Roschen.—Let me read it:

SCOTLAND'S FAMOUS NOVELIST AND POET.

Scotland's famous novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, was born in Edinburgh.

Beatrice.—That's Ed'n-bur-o.

Roschen.—That's a crazy way to pronounce it. I don't believe that's right.

Mrs. B.—That is the pronunciation given in both Century and Standard.

Roschen.—Now, let me read it:

Scotland's famous novelist and poet, Sir Walter Scott, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1771. When he was twenty-six years of age, he met Miss Carpentier. They were married and lived very happily together.

Sir Walter had many fine dogs. Every morning he would go on long rambles with them in spite of his lameness. A few years later, he became in debt though he was little to blame. He worked early and late to pay off this debt. He succeeded in paying it, but did not live to see his success. Many fine monuments have been



SCOTT

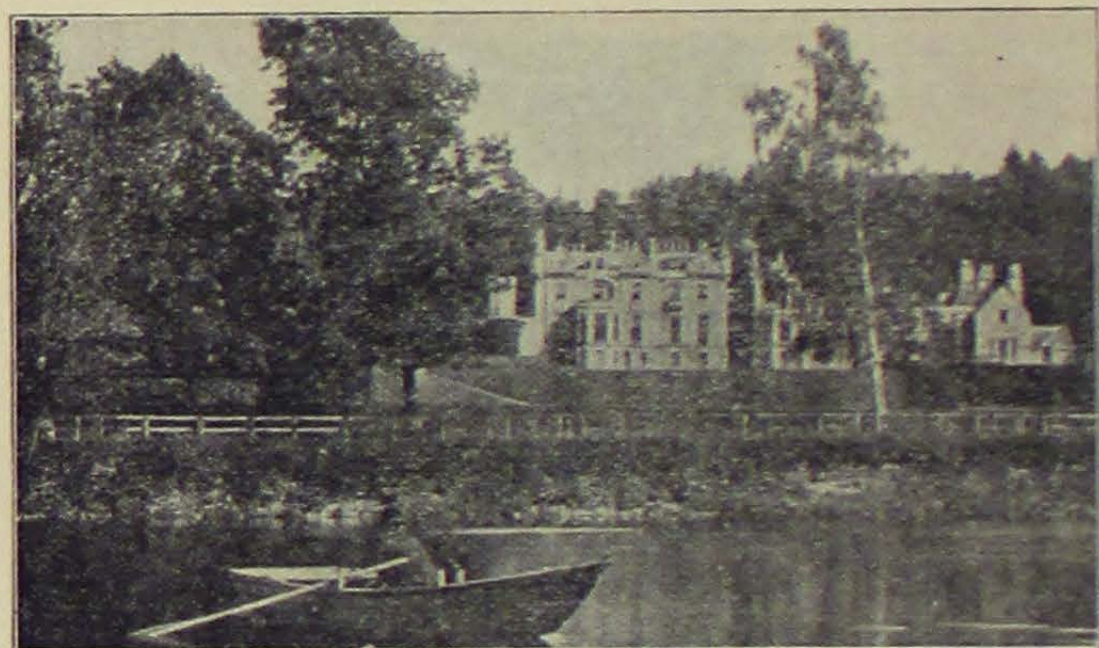
erected to his memory. He died in the year 1832, sixty-one years of age. Some of his poems are: "The Lady of the Lake," "Border Minstrelsy," and the "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Beatrice.—Roschen mispronounced lots of those words. It isn't *Sur* Walter Scott; it's "*Ser* Walter Scott."

Roschen.—It's spelled "Sir."

Beatrice.—Well, that's pronounced "ser."
You can ask Mama.

Mrs. B.—The sound of *i* in *sir* is equivalent to that of *e* in *err*, the rule being that when short *e*, *ea*, *i*, *o*, *u*, precede *r*, the sound is equivalent to that of *e* in *err*. Now *e* in *err* is pronounced by raising the lower jaw slightly from its posi-



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S HOME, ABBOTSFORD, SCOTLAND

tion of *e* in *end* and then giving the sound somewhat like that of *e* in *end* with a slight modification in order to accommodate the sound to that of *r*. You, see when *r* enters a word, it frequently disturbs the preceding sound, so that the sound in question is somewhat modified.

Beatrice.—The teacher makes us say *gerl*, and she gave us a big list of words to practise on, and we had to keep our mouths in one position and say all the words that she wrote on the

black-board. I can remember some of them: *E* in "ermine," "after," "answer," "bitter," "butter," "clerk," "fern," "mother," "sister," "brother." Then we took *ea* and learned several more words: "earth," "earl," "earn," "earnest," "learn," "pearl," "search," "yearn;" then *i* in "irksome," "birch," "bird," "birth," "sir," "sirloin," "virtue;" and then *o* in "word," "work," "worse," "worth;" and *u* in "burn," "furnace," "hurt," "purpose," "turn." There were ever so many more, but we are just learning a few at a time.

Roschen called that "Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee." You said that *o* in *on* wasn't like *a* in *father*, and that the way to pronounce it was just as if it was—I mean *were*—spelled "Bahnnets of Bahnnie Dundee."

Mrs. B.—The sound is between that of *a* in *father* and *a* in *all*.

Roschen.—Yes, I remember now; you said we had to say *box*, not *bahx* nor *bawx*; and "lamb chops," not "lamb *chahps*" nor "lamb *chawps*."

Beatrice.—Our teacher gave us a long list of those words, and we learned several by heart:

Anybody, blonde, blot, body, bottle, collar, college, colic, column, common, compliment, concert, convent, drop, fond, from, honest, locket, not, odd, opera, of, stop, top, volume, wan, was, watch, what, yacht.

Roschen.—But those last words are all spelled with an *a*.

Beatrice.—Yes, but the teacher said that they were pronounced as if they were all spelled with an *o*.

Beatrice.—I think we ought to get another girl to take care of the Boitie or else he'll learn to say, "You was," and "It ain't," and "It don't," and "It ain't no use." He'll talk just like Dorothy if we don't look out, because he's with her so much.

Roschen.—He ought to have a French or an Italian nurse, like little Cousin Fenton has.

Beatrice.—"*Like Cousin Fenton has!*" You had better look out for your own English. I should think you had been told often enough not to use *like* as a conjunction.

Roschen.—I don't know anything about conjunctions.

Beatrice.—That's so. You don't have grammar in your room like we do—I mean, *as* we do.

Mrs. B.—Instead of saying, "He *ought* to have," you should have said, "He *should* have." That is to say, in strict usage, *ought* more properly refers to that which one is morally obliged to do.

Beatrice.—I don't understand that; but maybe I could if you would give me some examples.

Mrs. B.—You should say, “Children *ought* to obey their parents;” that is, it is *right* that they should obey their parents. On the other hand, you may say, “Roschen *should* wear her hair in two braids,” because it is becoming to her.

Roschen.—I think my hair looks lots nicer when it isn’t braided—I mean *much* nicer.

Beatrice.—Roschen thinks her hair is so beautiful because it is so long and heavy. Somebody will cut it off if you don’t look out.

Roschen.—Well, they can’t cut it off so easy—I mean so easily—if I wear it hanging.

Mrs. B.—Beatrice, why is *easily*, and not *easy* the correct word?

Beatrice.—Because *cut* expresses an action, and *easily* tells *how* the cutting can, or rather cannot be done.

Mrs. B.—Now, can you give a sentence in which the adjective, *easy*, is required after the verb?

Beatrice.—“The example is easy.”

Mrs. B.—Tell me why *easy* is correct.

Beatrice.—Because it modifies *example*—“easy example.”

Mrs. B.—Can you formulate a rule—that is, make up a rule by which you can determine when to use an adverb, and when an adjective after the verb?

Beatrice.—When the verb is modified, use an

adverb; when the noun is modified, use an adjective.

Mrs. B.—You can also remember that the adjective is required after the verb *to be*—*am, are, is, was, were, has been, have been, shall be, will be*, etc. Again, when a verb is equivalent in meaning to any one of these verbs, use the adjective.

Roschen.—Let us see if we can give some sentences.

Mrs. B.—Use *whether* instead of *if* whenever you can add “or not.”

Roschen.—We can’t say, “Let us see if *or not* we can give some sentences now;” but we can say, “Let us see *whether or not* we can give some sentences now.”

Beatrice.—Now, I am going to give an example. “I don’t know if I can go”—no, it should be, “I don’t know *whether* I can go,” because we can add “or not.” We don’t always need to add “or not,” do we?

Mrs. B.—No; you may say, “I don’t know *whether* I can go,” or “I don’t know *whether or not* I can go,” or “I don’t know *whether* I can go *or not*.”

Beatrice.—When do we use *if*?

Mrs. B.—“I shall go *if* it doesn’t rain;” “I will go *if* you will go with me.” In the language of the grammarian, *if* introduces a suppositional clause; *whether*, an alternative clause—but these are big words for little children.

Beatrice.—I have to write a story about the Eskimos, and have it ready for Friday. I have written a little; see if this is right.

THE ESKIMOS.

The Eskimos live in the northern part of North America, near the Arctic Circle. They dress in the furs of animals. Their beds are made of big pieces of ice, with furs piled on them. Their houses are called igloos and they build them out of big pieces of ice. They play many funny games.

Mrs. B.—Now can't you tell what else the people do to pass the time?

Roschen.—Of course the children can't play games like us, nor go to school.

Beatrice.—Yes, they can, too. The children go to school like we do, and they have lots of games that they play. Of course their games are different from ours, but they play games all right.

Mrs. B.—I wish that you would not use that expression. Nowadays, children and even grown persons have the bad habit of ending their sentences with "All right," as, "I was late to school this morning *all right*;" "I didn't pass for the fourth grade *all right*;" or, "I had to

stay after school ten minutes *all right*." They really mean "all wrong," but they should not use expressions of that kind.

Beatrice.—I never said I didn't pass, for I did pass and got put up into the fourth grade *all right*.

Roschen.—Well, Mama didn't mean that you didn't pass, and you said "all right" again.

Mrs. B.—Yes, Beatrice, and you must break yourself of that habit. Then, again, a few minutes since, you said that the Eskimo children go to school *like* we do, instead of saying, "The Eskimo children go to school *as* we do, or like *us*."

Beatrice.—Well, tell me something more to write about the Eskimos. This isn't half enough. I have got to write more.

Mrs. B.—Well, sit down, and I will tell you some stories about the Eskimos, and then you can write what I tell you in your own language.

Beatrice.—You know the stories must all be true or else the teacher won't like it.

Roschen.—Tell us the story about the Eskimo men, how, when they are through eating, and can't eat any more, they lay down and let somebody give them something more to eat.

Mrs. B.—You mean, when they have *finished* eating, not when they are *through* eating, they *lie* down and let somebody give them something more to eat.

THE RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

Roschen.—I had to write a composition to-day on the religions of the world, and I couldn't write more than a page, because I had to write it from memory, after the teacher had finished reading to us.

Beatrice.—That's a pretty big subject for a little girl to write about; but I don't suppose your composition is very good,—I mean, it's very short for such a long subject.

Roschen.—You couldn't expect me to write a long composition when I have to do it from memory. The teacher reads to us for a while, and then we have to remember the important things and write them from memory. Wasn't Mama's graduating essay about the religions of the world?

Beatrice.—Yes; it was "Odin Among the Divinities." Odin, Mama said, was the Norse God, and so Mama had to compare the Norse religion with all the other religions of the world. She had to read up about it for a long time beforehand. It must have been a pretty hard thing to write.

Roschen.—Yes; I should think it must have been; and don't you remember, Mama said that that was the only composition she ever wrote in college? She just couldn't write essays, because the professors always gave her subjects that she wasn't interested in. They should have let her choose her own.

Beatrice.—I think the way they do in Dorothy Bushnell's room is the best. The teacher has the children write about something that has really happened,—say between Friday and Monday. They write about something that they have seen or have heard that interests them. Dorothy's essay was about something that she had seen, and Lawrence's was about his mother's trip to Niagara Falls.

Roschen.—I should think it would be easy to write about something that we had seen.

Beatrice.—Yes; it would, but you never see anything. You have big brown eyes, but they don't do you any good, because you never see anything. You just go dreaming along, like Mama.

Roschen.—That isn't fair. I do too see things. Just because I don't talk all the while, you needn't think that I don't know what's going on.

Beatrice.—Let's see your composition.

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD—BELIEVERS IN MANY GODS.

I. Buddhism.—Buddha was the originator of this religion. Most of the people in Eastern Asia are Buddhists. Buddha lived 500 or 600 years before Christ. There are many different sects. The most important is Brahminism.

Brahminism.—This is the religion of India. It teaches the doctrine of caste or class.

II. Confucianism.—This is the religion of China. The people worship Confucius and many idols also. They worship their ancestors.

Jews.—We find Jews all over the world; although not in large numbers. Their book is the Old Testament.

III. Mohammadanism.—The great prophet Mohammad is the founder. The Mohammadians were great fighters. They spread their religion by the sword.

Christians.—This religion grew out of the Jewish religion. Christ was a Jew. The following countries are Christians: United States, Europe and South America (in part). There are many Christians found in other countries; also Christianity is a great help to civilization.

Mongolians, 540,000,000.—Are Asiatic people, but many have gone eastward as the Turks, Lapps, Finns, and westward as the Eskimos. The Mongolians have yellow and sometimes white skin, oblique eyes, small noses, and long, coarse black hair. In some places they are uncivilized, but most are civilized, although different from us.

Caucasians, 770,000,000.—These people are the most civilized and highly developed people on the globe. At present they live in North and South America, Australia and large parts of Europe and Asia and Northern Africa. There are two divisions, the light and dark type. The dark type have either brown or black

hair and eyes, and the light have yellow or red hair and eyes.

MENDELSSOHN AND BEETHOVEN.

Roschen.—We had to write a composition on Mendelssohn. The teacher read all about him, and then we wrote it down.

Beatrice.—Let's see it. Felix Mendelssun was a musician——

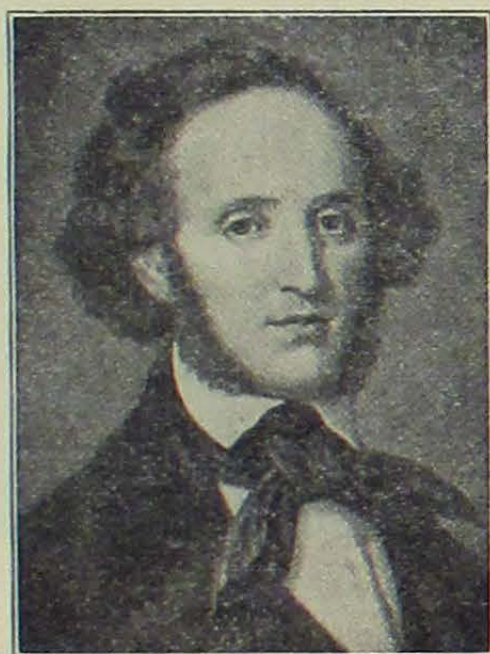
Roschen.—It isn't Felix Mendelssun. It's Felix Mendelssone; *o* like *bone*.

Beatrice.—Felix Mendelssun—sone—was a musician, and he was born in Germany in 1809. His mother did not wish him to be a musician, but his father did; so his father helped him in his music. He got up at five o'clock in the morning and studied all day. When he was eleven years of age, he could speak German, French and English, and could write Greek. He loved his sister very dearly, and they played duets on the piano together. He grew up to manhood, and one day, when they were playing on the piano, she suddenly died. He loved her so dearly that in a year he died. He died at the age of thirty-five years.

Beatrice.—Goodness! what a little short composition. I had to write one on Beethoven. See how much I wrote:

Beethoven was born in the year 1770, and died in the year 1827. He was born in the city

of Bonn, in Germany, on the Rhine River. He was the son of poor parents. His father was a singer, and wished his son to become a musician. His father was a rough and unpleasant man, and led the life of a drunkard. While Beethoven was yet a mere baby, his lessons began on the piano, and at four years of age he was made to sit at the piano and practise for hours at a time, until his little fingers were numb, and his little back ached. At fifteen he



MENDELSSOHN

was appointed court organist in the little city of Bonn. When seventeen years of age his mother died.

He then wished to visit the city of Vienna, to study with some of the great masters there. A prince who lived in Vienna at that time, asked

Beethoven to make his home at his palace. He remained there three years. He wrote all kinds of music, sonatas, operas, songs, and symphonies. A great misfortune befell Beethoven. At the age of twenty-five, he began to lose his hearing, and at the age of thirty, he became quite deaf. Some of his best operas he never



BEETHOVEN

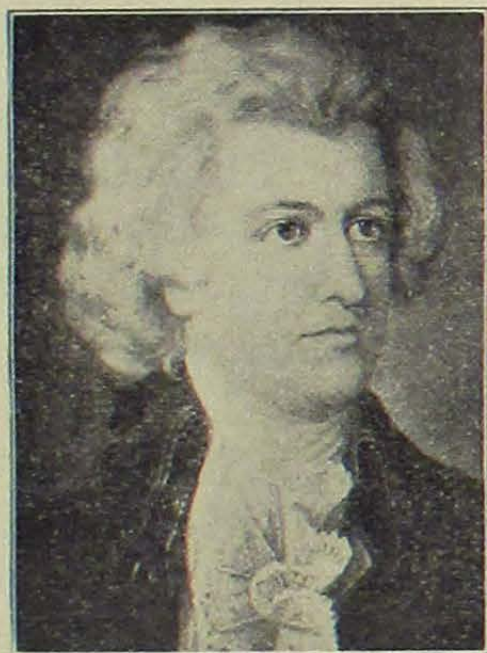
heard played. More than twenty-five thousand people followed him to his last resting-place. They were kings, noblemen, and statesmen. A simple stone with the word—Beethoven—is the only thing that marks his grave. When this stone crumbles, Beethoven will still be remembered for his sweet music.

Roschen—Your Beethoven composition isn't

hardly any longer than my Mendelssohn composition.

Beatrice.—Roschen calls it *Beet-ho-ven*, just as if it was a *beet*. It's pronounced *Ba-to-ven*, just as if it was spelled "*Bay-toe-ven*, and the accent is on the first syllable.

Mrs. B.—Yes; that is correct; but, Roschen, instead of saying, "Your Beethoven composi-



MOZART

tion *isn't* hardly any longer than my Mendelssohn composition," you should have said, "Your Beethoven composition *is* hardly any longer." "*Isn't* hardly any longer," means that it is longer; and, Beatrice, you should never use *was* after *as if*. You should have said, "just as if it *were* a beet," and "just as if it *were* spelled 'Bay-toe-ven.' "

RAPHAEL.

Beatrice.—Every week we have to write a composition about either a painter or a musician. This week we had to write one about a painter; so the teacher read us all about Raphael, and this was what I wrote:

Raphael was born in the year 1483, and died April 6, 1520, on his thirty-seventh birthday. His father was an artist and poet; his mother was a sweet and gentle woman; and his home was an ideal one. His mother died when he was very young. He would go to his father's studio, where he would sweep and dust. He also would grind the colors, serve as a model, and clean the paint boxes. His father died when he was twelve years old. He then went to a great artist, not far from his home at Urbino, named Perugino. He exclaimed, "Let him be my pupil, he will soon be my master." He remained with this artist nine years, making a great many friends. When he was twenty-one years old he painted his next most popular picture, "The Marriage of the Virgin." He then went back to his old home in Urbino, in the Apennine mountains, where he met many noted people. He had heard about the beautiful city of Florence, with its fine buildings and its great art galleries, and he wished to go there very much. At last his wish was realized. A lady of note gave him a letter of introduction to the

governor of Florence, asking him to let Raphael see the art treasures of the city. He copied many of the pictures there by great artists. The Pope, whenever he heard of a good artist, would have him come and paint on the wall of the Sistine chapel, which was the best in the Vatican. The Vatican is the residence of the Pope. He also was made architect of St. Peter's Church. He built a beautiful home near the Vatican, and there he lived the life of a prince. He made a great many friends, from peasants to Kings and Queens. Most all the paintings that he painted were religious ones. Some of his paintings are the Sistine Madonna, Madonna of the Chair, Madonna of the Garden, Madonna of the Goldfinch, Madonna of the Fish, and St. Cecelia. While he was painting The Transfiguration, he suddenly died, but his pupils finished the picture. At Florence a great many men were employed and kept busy digging for old ruins. He loved to walk among them, and one day took a fever from it and died. The whole city mourned his death, and followed him to his last resting place.

Roschen.—I like your Raphael composition better than your Beethoven one.

Beatrice.—That isn't pronounced *Raffiel*. It is pronounced *Rah'fa-el*, like *waffles*. Just think of *waffles* and then yuo can pronounce *Raphael*. That is, *Raph* is pronounced like *waf* in *waffles*.

Roschen.—I should think that they would

spell words just the same way that they pronounce them. It's always such a bother to remember pronunciations.

Beatrice.—You should say “pronunshiations.”

Mrs. B.—Either “pronunsiation” or “pronunshiation” is correct. When I was a little girl, we had to say “pronunshiation,” but now “pronunsiation” is equally correct.

Roschen.—Our teacher said that it was “pronunsiation” in the Century Dictionary.

Mrs. B.—That is right, but there is a little half circle under *c* which means that it is equally correct to say either “pronunsiation” or “pronunshiation.”

Roschen.—Just think! Beatrice wrote that all herself. That isn't like the poem that Uncle Fenton wrote when he was a young man. Don't you know that time when Uncle Fenton and Mama were young, Uncle Fenton wrote a beautiful poem, and Mama said to her father that Uncle was a great poet, a real poet, because it was such a beautiful poem? And then when her father asked her what the poem was like, she said that she couldn't remember it, but that she could say just two lines:

“You may break, you may shatter, the vase if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang o'er it
still.”

And then Grandpa said that Uncle Fenton didn't write that, but that a great poet, Thomas Moore, wrote it; and then Mama got mad, and said that Uncle Fenton wrote it himself. And then Grandpa said that she would find it in a big red book in the library.

Beatrice.—And she looked all through it, and she couldn't find it; and she was so glad.

Roschen.—Yes; but just as she was closing the book——.

Beatrice.—She saw in great, big letters:

“You may break, you may shatter, the vase
if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang o'er
it still.”

Roschen.—Yes, and when Mama ran right up stairs and asked Uncle Fenton, he just laughed at her, because he thought it was such an awful good joke. I mean such a good joke.

Beatrice.—You shouldn't pronounce that *vase*. You should say *vhaz*, *a* as in *father*.

Mrs. B.—Both pronunciations are correct, but Century, Standard and International give *vase*, *a* as in *case*, first.

Roschen.—Which is the oldest, Dorothy or Marion?

Beatrice.—You should say, “Which is the *older*, Dorothy or Marion?”

Mrs. B.—You should have said, “Which is the *elder*, Dorothy or Marion?”

Dorothy and Marion are sisters, and for this reason *elder* and not *older* is the correct word.

Beatrice.—They mean the same thing, so I should think you could say either *older* or *elder*.

Mrs. B.—The use of *elder* or *eldest* is restrictive; that is, the word is properly used only in reference to members of the same family; while *older* or *oldest* may be used when referring to persons not related; for this reason, in strict usage *elder* or *eldest* is the better word when referring to members of the same family. For example, you would say, “Which is the *older*, Marion or Roschen?” for they are not related; but when you speak of the two sisters, Dorothy and Marion, you should say, “Which is the *elder*.”

Roschen.—Then I suppose I should say, “Which is the *older*, Boitie or Baby?” But “Which is the *elder*, Brother or Baby?”

Beatrice.—The Bertrands have as hard a time naming their boys as we have naming Boitie,—Brother and Baby! What’s their real names:

Roschen.—I don’t know; but I think Boitie is old enough now to be called by his real name, Frederick Sherman Baker. Goodness’ he’ll soon be four years old, and in two years he’ll be going to school, and it will be a crazy way to

do to have him called Boitie then. The boys will all make fun of him.

Mrs. B.—You must not say *crazy*. When you are at a loss for a word, you invariably say a thing is crazy. Then again, Beatrice, a few moments since, you said “What’s their real names?” Do you think that “What is their real names,” is correct?

Beatrice.—No; It should be “What *are* their real names?”

Roschen.—It’s a good thing that we have the “Boitie.” If we hadn’t him, Mama couldn’t write any more “Correct English In The Home” articles.

Beatrice.—I suppose you think that you and I never make any more mistakes, and that our speech is perfect.

Roschen.—Oh, no! I don’t think that, but we don’t make so many mistakes as we used to do.

Beatrice.—No; we don’t make so many. You always used to say, “like we used to make” for “as we used to make.”

Roschen.—And, at one time, you would not have said as you did a few minutes ago, “We don’t make *so* many.” You would have said “*as* many.”

Beatrice.—Instead of “a few minutes ago,” you should have said, “a few minutes since.” We use *since* when the time is recent.

Roschen.—Goodness! but you've learned a lot.

Beatrice.—You should not say *lot* when you mean *a great deal*. Speaking of Boitie, I don't see that Mama can write about his errors, for he doesn't seem to make any. His English is remarkable for so little a child.

Roschen.—He makes mistakes just the same.

Beatrice.—Evidently, Mama can write about your mistakes, too.

Boitie.—Do you remember that pretty story that Mama read us about the painter? There was once a painter who painted beautiful Madonnas and sold them for large sums of money. He used to paint his own baby lying in its mother's arms. But by and by, the little baby grew so much that he could not paint any more Madonnas; and they were all very sad, because they were getting poorer and poorer and poorer every day. And one day, when the painter came back from the village, he found a tiny little baby in its Mama's arms, and then he could paint the beautiful Madonnas again.

Beatrice.—What's that got to do with what we're talking about?

Boitie.—Why, Mama told me that story once. I think that it's an awful pretty story.

Roschen.—“Awful pretty!” It's evident that Mama can still write Correct English stories as long as you stay little.

Beatrice.—To hear you talk, Roschen, one would think that you had grown up.

Roschen.—Well, I am grown up compared to Boitie.

Beatrice.—You mean “compared *with*” Boitie.

Roschen.—When did you learn so much?

Beatrice.—It’s about time I knew that. Besides, when you’re reading those old novels, I often practise the drills in Mama’s drill book.

Roschen.—The books I read are from the Evanston Library, and they wouldn’t be in the Library if they weren’t nice books.

COMPARE WITH, COMPARE TO.

Specific Rule.—Use *compare with* when representing the relative merits of the things compared; *compare to*, when likening one thing to another.

Compare this cloth *with* that, and tell me which you prefer.

Her voice is not to be *compared with* Patti’s.

Her playing is not to be *compared with* yours.

How can you *compare* her voice *with* his; their voices cannot be *compared with* each other because hers is so very inferior to his.

I wish that you would *compare* these marks *with* those which you received last term, and see which are higher.

Compare the jaws of death *with* the jaws of life and tell me which you prefer.

Compare instinct *with* intellect.

Compare purity *with* gold and tell me in which you will find the greater wealth.

Will you *compare* this vehicle *with* that and tell me which is the better of the two.

What are riches *compared with* health?

Mary, let me *compare* my lesson *with* yours.

You cannot *compare* virtue *with* vice.

Washington does not suffer by being *compared with* Napoleon.

Compare to.

Many poets have *compared* women *to* April weather.

In the Bible, Christians are *compared to* sheep, evil persons *to* goats, and the use of wine *to* serpents.

Christ *compared* the sinner *to* a lost sheep.

Washington *compared* the affairs of this great continent *to* the mechanism of a clock.

THANKSGIVING.

Roschen.—It's awful cold! I wouldn't wonder if it snowed.

Beatrice.—Goodness! It wouldn't snow now. It's too early. It never snows until Thanksgiving.

Roschen.—Well; it will soon be Thanksgiv-

ing, because we are learning songs at school now to sing on Thanksgiving.

Beatrice.—We don't go to school on Thanksgiving.

Roschen.—Well, the day before Thanksgiving, then. I think one of the songs are awful pretty. It goes like this:

Over the river and through the wood,
To Grandfather's house we go;

The horse knows the way

To carry the sleigh

Through the white and drifted snow,

Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh! how the wind does blow.

It stings our toes,

And bites our nose,

As over the ground we go,

As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,

Trot fast, my dapple gray,—

Spring o'er the ground,

Like a hunting hound,

For this is Thanksgiving day,

For this is Thanksgiving day.

Over the river and through the wood,

Now Grandmother's cap I spy.

Hurrah for the fun!

Is the pudding done?

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie,

Hurrah for the pumpkin pie.

Beatrice.—Roschen says "*Punkin* pie."

Roschen.—Well, "*pumpkin* pie," then.

Beatrice.—Are we going to have Grandpa and Grandma for dinner on Thanksgiving?

Roschen.—No, we are going to have turkey and cranberry sauce. Don't you know that Mama said in the magazine that we had company *at* dinner. She said that we could have turkey and cranberry sauce, but not our friends and relations.

Beatrice.—She didn't say "our friends and *relations*." She said "our friends and *relatives*."

Roschen.—It's the same thing, isn't it?

Mrs. B.—Yes, but *relatives* is considered the better word, for the reason that *relations* is used in other senses. But, Roschen, you should not say "It's *awful* cold," and "I *wouldn't* wonder." You should say, "It's *very* cold," and "I *shouldn't* wonder"—"I *shouldn't* wonder if it were to snow." Then, again, you said, "I think *one* of the songs *are*." What should you have said?

Roschen.—"I think one of the songs *is*."

Beatrice.—You aren't going to put that in your magazine, are you? You said that you had taken us out.

Mrs. B.—I did take you out, but several persons have requested me to put you in again. They say that they, as well as the children, like to read about your mistakes.

Beatrice.—I don't think it is a bit nice for everybody to know what we say.

Roschen.—Everybody doesn't know. The whole world doesn't know.

Beatrice.—Well, I guess it does. Doesn't our magazine go to Vanilla, Philippine Islands, and to Tokio, Japan?

Roschen.—Vanilla! You mean Manila. Don't you know the "Battle of Manila"?

Beatrice.—Yes, that's so; but when I was little, I used to think that they said "The bottle of Vanilla."

Roschen.—You're not very big now.

Beatrice.—Well, I am bigger than you are. You're a sawed-off.

Roschen.—I don't care, I'm not very old.

Mrs. B.—You must not talk that way, Beatrice.

Beatrice.—Last time we had to write about Raphael, and this time we had to write about one of his paintings, "The Madonna of the Chair." The teacher read us all about it, and then we had to write it out from memory. She gave us each a little picture to paste in the corner of our compositions. This is what I wrote:

RAPHAEL'S PICTURES.

In Italy many years ago, there lived a Hermit, who was beloved by all the people for his kind deeds. The Hermit had two friends of

whom he was very fond, one that could talk and one that was mute. One was a vine dresser's daughter, the other a giant oak, which sheltered him from the sun in summer and from the cold in winter. Once when a storm arose, and his hut was in danger, he climbed up into



MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

the tree, and thus saved his life. Another time when he was starving from hunger, Mary brought him food. The Hermit was very grateful for these kindnesses, and prayed that they might be rewarded, and this is how it happened. After the Hermit died, the oak was cut down and made into wine casks. Mary married in time, and became the mother of two

beautiful children. One day as she was sitting outside her home, Raphael came by. He wished to paint this lovely group, but he had no paint, brush or canvas. He found near by the cover of an open wine cask. He drew upon it with his pencil, the picture of the mother with her two children. Raphael then took the



THE SISTINE MADONNA

drawing home and painted it in colors, so the Hermit's prayer was answered. This picture is called the Madonna of the Chair. In it Mary is the Virgin, and her younger child in her arms, as Jesus. The elder child is St. John.

I think it is such a sweet little picture of the baby.

Roschen.—The baby looks just like our “Boitie,” or rather, as he used to look, only the Boitie’s hair is light and curly. The Madonna doesn’t look a bit like Mama though, because she doesn’t wear her hair that way. I think it is so cute the way the Boitie’s hair curls up on the ends.

Beatrice.—It couldn’t curl up at the roots, could it?

Mrs. B.—Beatrice, you should say *root*, oo, as in *food*, not *root*, oo as in *foot*; for, although both pronunciations are recorded in Century, *root*, oo as in *food*, is given first and is the only pronunciation given in Standard.

Roschen.—Why can’t we all have our pictures taken together? It would be so nice if we could. Or, why can’t us three children have our pictures taken together any way?

Mrs. B.—Roschen, you should have said, “Why can’t *we* three children have our pictures taken together,” not “*us* three children.”

Roschen.—Well, yesterday when I said to Marion and Dorothy that Papa gave each of we three children a bank to save our money in, you said that it was each of *us* three children.

Mrs. B.—That is right. You should say, “Papa gave *us* three children a bank,” but “Why can’t *we* three children have our pictures taken.” You may be too young to learn how to use these words correctly, but I think

that you will be able to understand that when you speak about something that you wish to do, you must say *we*, and when you refer to something that is to be done for you, you should say *us*. Now, which is correct: "*We* children are going to the Junior League," or "*Us* children are going to the Junior League"?

Roschen.—"*We* children" is right, *because we are going to do something*.

Mrs. B.—Now, should you say, "Mama is going to take *we* three children to have our pictures taken," or "*us* three children"?

Beatrice.—Let me answer. "Mama is going to take *us* three children," *because she is going to do something for us*.

Beatrice.—This time we had to write about the Sistine Madonna. I think the baby is *awful* cunning in this picture, too. I mean very cunning.

Roschen.—Let's see it! What a little short composition. We wrote one on Schubert to-day. But first let me see what you wrote about the Sistine Madonna.

Beatrice.—"What you *have wrote!*" You should say, "What you *have written.*"

Roschen.—I beg your pardon; I did not say, "What you *have wrote.*" I guess I know better than to say *have wrote*.

Beatrice.—It sounded like that anyway. But you said the *Sistine* Madonna. *T-i-n-e* instead of *t-e-n-e*.

Roschen.—Well, it's spelled that way, and I should think it would be pronounced that way.

Beatrice.—No; you pronounce it like *sixteen*, only it's pronounced *sisteen*, because it has an *s* instead of an *x* in it.

Roschen.—Now, I am going to read it:

The Sistine Madonna is thought to be Raphael's masterpiece. The mother has the beautiful Christ-child in her arms, with Saint Barbara on one side and Saint Sixtus on the other. At her feet are two lovely cherubs. There are several stories about them. One legend tells us that when Raphael was traveling, he saw a mother with some beautiful twin boys, who were looking up toward her face with a rapt expression while she was telling them the story of the Christ Child.

Where's the rest of it? There's nothing to it.

Beatrice.—It's as long as your Schubert one. Your room is writing about the musicians, and ours is writing about the painters.

Roschen.—Our room isn't writing about the musicians.

Beatrice.—Why, of course you are. You are writing about Schubert.

Roschen.—Yes; I know *I* am, but you said our *room* was writing about him.

Beatrice.—I suppose you think that's real funny. Well, it isn't.

Mrs. B.—You should say, "*very* funny," not "*real* funny." *Real* means *true*, and, besides,

it should not be used as an adverb; but I suppose you haven't learned about adverbs yet.

Roschen.—What kind of a word is it?

Mrs. B.—You should never say, "What kind of *a*." You should omit *a*. Many persons,—grown-up persons as well as little children,—say "What kind of *a* word," "What kind of *a* thing," instead of "What kind of word," "What kind of thing;" and yesterday, while on train, I heard a lady say to her friend, "I've got to get a new hat, and I don't know what *kinda* hat to get."

Roschen.—And she shouldn't have said *got* either. I've got to get a new hat, too; I mean I *have* to get a new hat.

Beatrice.—You *have* just got a hat. Don't you know we each had a new hat for Sunday?

Roschen.—I mean a new hat for school. You just said *got*, too.

Mrs. B.—One of the meanings of *got* is *procure* or *obtain*; and so *got* can be used in that sense. But Beatrice could have said, "You have just *had* a new hat," as her mama really *got* the hat for Roschen. There are some nice distinctions in the uses of *get* that you are almost too young to understand.

Roschen.—Don't we know everything now? I shouldn't think that we'd ever have to be corrected any more. Are you going to have us in the magazine any more? Goodness! We've been in ten years, haven't we? I should think

that the people would get tired of reading all about our mistakes. I should think Mama would have us taken out.

Mrs. B.—I did take you “out,” and then several ladies, who had little girls of their own, asked to have you “put back.”

Beatrice.—Yes; but don’t you know, that lady who called one time told you that a friend of hers said she thought the magazine would be nicer if we were taken out? She said that there was too much in the magazine about the family.

Mrs. B.—It is impossible to please everyone, as you will find when you grow older. I must tell you the story of the old man, the boy, and the donkey.

Beatrice.—Is it a true story?

Mrs. B.—In one sense, it is a true story.

Once upon a time an old man and his little son were riding together on a donkey. What a shame, exclaimed a traveler for you to treat that poor donkey so badly; whereupon, the old man dismounted, leaving the child to guide the donkey; but they had not gone very far, when they met a traveler, who said “What a shame for both of you to ride on that poor donkey’s back. Why does not one of you walk and give that poor animal a rest?” Whereupon, the old man dismounted, leaving that child to guide the donkey. But they had not proceeded very far before another traveler addressed them, saying to

the child, "Why do you allow that poor old man to walk; you are young and strong, and should walk and let the poor old man ride." Whereupon, the child dismounted, and the old man took his place. But they had not proceeded very far before another traveler addressed them, saying to the old man, "What a shame for you to ride and allow that poor child to walk in the hot sun." Whereupon, the old man dismounted and he and the child proceeded on their way, leading the donkey by the bridle.

Beatrice.—I don't see what that has to do with us being in the magazine.

Mrs. B.—You should say, "I don't see what that has to do with *our* being in the magazine."

Roschen.—Does it mean that we are like the donkey?

Beatrice.—Of course it doesn't mean that. I should say not.

Mrs. B.—Beatrice, you must not say, "I should say not" so frequently. Whenever you wish to express your disapproval, you say, "I should say not." Do you think that sounds well?

Beatrice.—No.

Mrs. B.—*No what?*

Beatrice.—No, I don't.

Roschen.—You should say, "No, Mama." Our teacher said that we shouldn't say "No, Ma'am." She said they didn't say that any more. But she said that when she was a little

girl they had to say, "Yes, Ma'am" and "No, Ma'am."

Beatrice.—Goodness! She must have lived an awful long time ago. Don't you know that Minnie said that when she was a little girl over in the old country, that just as soon as her mother called her, she had to holler "Yes, Ma'am," and then run home as fast as she could run. But she said that the children now didn't say "Yes, Ma'am," nor neither did they run.

Roschen.—I think Minnie was awful nice. I wish she *was* here now.

Beatrice.—I wish she *was*, too. Can't you write to her and ask her to come back?

Mrs. B.—Instead of saying, "I wish she *was* here," what should you say?

Roschen.—I wish she *were*.

Beatrice.—It is awful hard, I mean *very* hard to remember that.

Mrs. B.—You will not find it difficult to remember if you will bear in mind that *was* is never used after *wish*. Now you may each make a wish and see whether you can apply the rule.

Beatrice.—I wish that we were at Cedar Lake and that it was summer.

Roschen.—Of course you wouldn't say, "I wish we *was* at Cedar Lake."

Beatrice.—Well, then, I wish that you were at Cedar Lake, and that I were there, too. But, of course, I wouldn't say "You *was*."

Roschen.—Lots of the children say, “You *was*,” and their mothers never correct them.

Beatrice.—Some of their mothers say, “You *was*,” too. But I have to make a wish, and Roschen has to make one, too.

Roschen.—You always think that I have to do everything that you do. Well, I wish that I didn’t have to take a music lesson to-day.

Beatrice.—You have to make a wish with *were* in it.

Roschen.—Well, I wish that to-morrow *were* Christmas.

Beatrice.—Oh, my! we must hurry up or we’ll be late for school, and then we can’t have a half an hour off. Just think! none of the children in our room have been late for a week, and to-day we can have a half an hour off. Hurry up, Roschen, let’s run.

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